

Accepted by the Graduate Faculty, Indiana University, in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Master of Liberal Studies

MURDER'S THREADS

MLS Committee

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**Submitted to the faculty of the University Graduate School
In partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree
Master of Liberal Studies
In the College of Liberal Arts and Science of,
Indiana University**

Joseph R. Chaney, Ph.D.

May 9, 2008

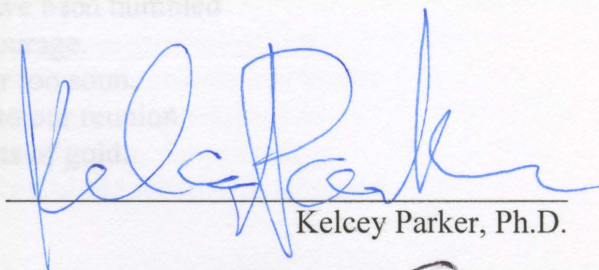
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DEDICATION

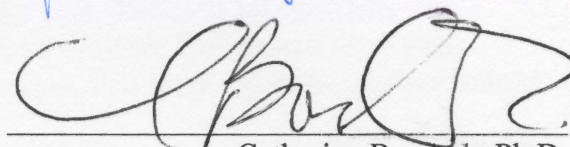
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In memory of Edward Alan Williams,
my dear brother and friend

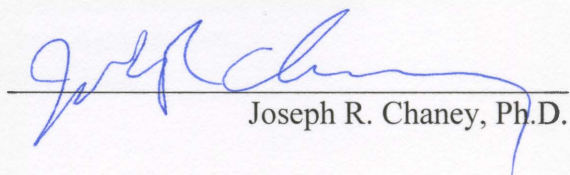
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Dr. Kelsey Parker for her constant support and encouragement. This story was prompted by her suggestion.

She believed in the facts.

I would also like to thank Dr. Catherine Borshuk and Dr. Joseph Chaney, as well as Dr. Kenneth Smith for seeing a deeper

I hope I did justice to our stories.

In the process, I have been humbled

by his courage.

Ed left us far too soon.

I look forward to our reunion

on the streets of gold.

the court documents of my brother's and father's testimonies.

I greatly appreciate the help of my dear friends in Marquette.

Chuck and Edna Zipoff, Dan and Connie Wagner, George and Edna Fox, and Larry and Marge Eicher. Without their input, this story would be shallow indeed.

Finally, there is no way this project would have come to realization without the support, patience, prayers, and encouragement of my dear family:

Willard and Lillian Williams, Lorraine Williams Roberts,

Ken Fox, Greg Fox, and Amanda Fox.

I cherish each of you.

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Mark Root came to my rescue on several occasions, somehow procuring library materials, documents and books

that were a challenge to find. I am also indebted to

Sherrill Page and Judge Thomas Gray for providing the court documents of my brother's and father's testimonies.

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PROLOGUE

9:00a.m.

A damp gray fog clung to the banks of White Lick Creek. Recent April rains provided the perfect conditions for Paul Reed, Richard Mundy and Richard's son Ricky, who trudged through the brush in search of mushrooms. Walking toward the creek, Richard saw some items scattered about that made him think some fishermen had been partying there. As he approached the bank near the bridge, something in the swollen creek caught his eye. His mind told him it was a mannequin because it could not possibly be what it looked like. Sometimes the mind cannot conceive what the eyes perceive.

The reality of the sight took over his shocked senses, and he found himself staring at the nude body of a woman submerged face down in the rushing water.

"Oh, my God, what have we come upon?" Richard called Paul over, careful not to draw Ricky's attention in the process. Paul gasped at the sight.

The two men drew Ricky away before he was exposed to the scene and sped to the Mooresville police station. Within minutes a call went out to the Morgan County Sheriff's office and police cars from all directions descended on the scene. Richard and Paul returned to guide the police officers. Jerry Connor, an Indiana State Trooper Investigator, Detective Robert Craig, Sheriff Richard Allen and Chief Deputy Bob Williams were among the first to arrive.

On the creek bank the officers found pieces of evidence, footprints and tire tracks. Strewn about in the mud and overgrown grass were items of women's clothing. A pair of panties lay between two shoes whose soles were caked with mud from the creek bank, as if someone had just stepped out of both. Underneath a woman's coat was a screwdriver

and a construction worker's line pin was in the grass. Officers found the remains of a bright red and white striped smock, part of which had been torn into strips and wrapped around the hands of the corpse in the creek. A scarf used as a ligature was bound through the woman's mouth, then around her head and tied in a knot at the throat under her chin. Scattered about the area were a purse and its contents, including papers identifying the owner as Terry Lee Chasteen.

Chief Deputy Bob Williams noticed something about 100 feet downstream, just below the surface of the frigid water, caught in the branches of a tree. It was the lifeless body of a little girl. The men sensed the tension in Williams' voice as he called them to the spot. Suddenly, the disturbing atmosphere took on a more portentous sensation. As the officers began investigating the second site, Williams and Sheriff Allen expanded their search, fearing what they might find next. Wading through the creek, they came upon a log jam and were forced to climb back up on land to get around it. Once past the jam, they returned to the water. About 650 feet from the little girl's body, the officers' fears were realized.

The ominous call cut through the fog, "We've found two more."

The smaller body lay in shallow water, twelve to eighteen inches deep, while the other was snagged by brush in water about four or five feet deep. Both were boys, one not much more than a toddler, the other a little younger than the girl.

The final body count was four. But there were other victims that day, those who would live to tell the story.

CHAPTER 1

PART ONE

1979-1981

Spring cleaning was on the agenda that day. As the only daughter living at home, my job was to help Mom with the inside of the house. While my brother Eddie had a few indoor chores, the bulk of his day was spent helping Daddy outdoors. Daddy wasn't always free to be home on Saturday. His job as a minister of our church often kept him away at least part of the day, either preparing for Sunday's services or helping with some church activity. In fact, early that morning he and Eddie had gone to a father and son prayer breakfast at a restaurant outside of town. However, the remainder of the day was dedicated to working around the house. By late afternoon, we were all looking forward to the prospect of a good dinner and a relaxed evening at home.

Daddy watched the evening news as a part of his daily routine. With the exception of high school sports, the Indianapolis-based television stations rarely made mention of our little town. However, this evening the newscaster reported a crime committed just south of Mooresville in the area of White Lick Creek off of State Road 67. We listened closely to the sketchy details. A young woman and her three children had been drowned in the creek. My body tensed as I listened for names. Fortunately, none were familiar.

Murders didn't happen in Mooresville, Indiana. Our quiet town had two claims to fame. Paul Hadley, the artist who designed the Indiana state flag, hailed from Mooresville. Our other famous resident was the notorious outlaw, John Dillinger. One of the favorite stories circulated around town was that John Dillinger was kicked out of Sunday school when he was a kid. No one seemed to know which church committed the

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fateful act. No doubt a portion of the religious sector of the community felt a measure of blame for the young lad's deviant ways, having failed in their opportunity to set him on the straight and narrow path of righteous living. Dillinger was ancient history. Indianapolis was where trouble happened now, not in our safe little town. The news on the television unsettled my ordered world.

As the report came to a close, the newscaster issued a plea from the state and local police for information of anything of interest seen in the area around the bridge on State Road 67 just south of Mooresville early Saturday morning around 7:00 a.m. It was a standard request, and I quickly dismissed it.

I left the room, vaguely aware of the conversation that ensued as Eddie approached Daddy, "I think we should go down to the police station."

"The police station? Why?"

"I saw that truck this morning," Eddie replied, "by the bridge."

They had crossed the bridge on their way to the father and son prayer breakfast. Eddie had even pointed out the truck to his friend David, who rode with them along with his father to Kelly's restaurant for the event. Daddy hesitated.

"And I've seen that truck somewhere else," Eddie continued.

"You have? Where?"

"Down the road, where they're building those houses."

Daddy probed further, "Can you describe it?"

"Yeah, I can," Eddie said with confidence.

Daddy paused, "Let me think about it a minute."

Eddie relented and left Daddy to his contemplation. Daddy didn't do anything

impulsively; it just wasn't in his nature. After thinking a matter through, he would make a decision, and it was always a good decision. But this was uncharted territory that required further council.

In hushed tones, he approached Mom. His brow furrowed with tension, "Lillian, Eddie wants to go to talk to the police."

"What?" she asked.

"This morning on our way to the prayer breakfast, we passed by the spot where that murder happened. We saw a truck there, and Eddie recognized it. He's seen it before. He wants to go to the police."

Without hesitation she responded, "Well, then you'd better go."

"But, Lillian, this is murder!" Daddy replied, as the gravity of the situation began to press on him.

"Yes, but we're responsible because of what we know." Her tone matched his own, and he knew she was right.

Nothing more needed to be said. Daddy and Eddie were leaving when Mom confirmed to me what was happening. Her troubled expression caused me more concern than her words.

"They saw a truck near where that murder happened this morning. They are just going to tell the police what they saw. That's all. Eddie recognized the truck. We'll hold off dinner until they get back."

A truck, they just saw a truck. Well, that could be nothing at all, I reasoned. People fished at the creek all the time. In my thinking, it was unlikely that the truck they saw was of any significance. But the police had asked for information, so Daddy and

Eddie were right to tell them what they saw. It wasn't as if they had seen anything actually happen. In spite of the hollow spot that had begun to develop in the pit of my stomach, I told myself there was no need to make it a bigger deal than it was.

While they were gone, time passed more slowly than usual. Going down to the police station was not a normal outing for our family. In fact, I couldn't remember anyone in our family going to the police station for anything. Daddy knew the Chief Marshal, though. Mooresville's Chief Marshal used to bring kids to our church's AWANA program on Wednesday evenings. Everyone called him 'Kojak' Martin because he had a bald head and carried lollipops like the television character Kojak, played by Telly Savalas. Eventually, he had his name legally changed to Harold Kojak Martin.

When Daddy and Eddie finally returned home they didn't have much to report.

"We just told them what we saw. Eddie told them about the truck and that he had seen it before down the street where they're building Yarnell's house," Daddy stated.

I didn't even know who the Yarnells were. Eddie got around the neighborhood more than I did. His buddy, Eddy Yoder, had a business mowing yards, and the two of them had probably been to every house in our neighborhood trying to expand the business.

"Which house?" I asked.

"It's down in that new subdivision," Eddie responded.

"Where we ride bikes, by the mortuary?"

"Yeah, down there." The building site was less than a quarter of a mile from our house, off of Allison Road. Our church was on the corner of State Road 67 and Allison

Road. Conveniently, next to the church was the Jones Family Mortuary. A new subdivision had been going in near the mortuary, and we rode our bikes in the church and mortuary parking lots and down into the cul-de-sac of the new subdivision.

"What did the police say?" Mom asked, her face lined with concern.

"We gave our statements to Trooper Steve King. They just thanked us for coming in, and that was it. A number of people have come in with information," Daddy replied.

They came home with no new information about the case. From my perspective, Eddie and Daddy hadn't given them much to go on either. They just saw a truck.

Eddie was pretty withdrawn the rest of the evening. This wasn't terribly unusual, because by nature he was rather on the quiet side. He was only 16 months younger than I, but we were two years apart in school. Eddie and I couldn't have been more different. While I was happiest cuddled up with a good book indoors, he roamed the woods and explored every corner of the neighborhood on his bike. I excelled in the academic realm, where he struggled. I was overly cautious, but he had been to the emergency room more times than everyone else in the family combined. Eddie liked cars, and I liked clothes. He fixed things, everything. I was dramatic. Eddie was mellow. Tonight he was reclusive.

While I settled into the position of relief, feeling that their visit to the police station had been inconsequential, Eddie experienced a much different reality. From the time he heard the plea for information on the newscast, he had concluded that probably the person that drove that truck to the building site was also the person who was at the creek where the murder had taken place. He had given a detailed description to the police. The truck was unique because of its built-in utility boxes and odd paint job,

which was predominantly gray but had some red in spots. It had been parked at the construction site, and Eddie saw it from his classroom window. The Mooresville Christian School, a kindergarten through eighth grade private school, where Eddie was in the eighth grade, was located in our church. Eddie spent more time at Grace Missionary Church than he did at home when Sunday services and youth group activities were taken into account.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. Daddy was off to church early to open the building and greet people, and the rest of us came in time for Sunday school. The buzz between Sunday school and church was about the murder and the various men from our church who had gone down to the police station on Saturday. Since a number of men and their sons had crossed the bridge early Saturday morning on their way to the prayer breakfast at Kelly's restaurant, several had noticed the truck in passing. From what I could gather, little more was known beyond the murder victims' names. We hadn't seen the morning news. One of the rules of our house was that there was no television on Sunday. It was the Lord's day and was to be kept holy, so my parents determined we could take a break from the television to be more mindful of the day, focus on family, and rest for the week ahead. Sundays were also very busy days for Daddy, so after a big dinner we generally took afternoon naps before getting ready for the evening service.

Late in the afternoon two police officers came to our front door, identifying themselves as Sergeant Ronnie Miller and Trooper Lance Seever of the Indiana State Police. Daddy and Mom talked to them in the front yard and called for Eddie to come out and join them. I slipped out of my bedroom and stood in the hallway outside the living room where I could see through our front picture window. Everything seemed

surreal. The officers were talking about taking Daddy and Eddie into Indianapolis to identify a truck. Apparently, Eddie had given the police the most detailed description of the truck at the murder site. I heard Daddy say that it was not possible for him to go now; he had to be at the church in just a little while for the evening service. Could he do that, I wondered, refuse the police? If Daddy was anything, he was responsible and dedicated to his ministry. These things came before anything else, even the request of the policemen who seemed so out of place in our front yard. Then they asked to take Eddie, without Daddy.

Inwardly, I protested. They couldn't take Eddie, not without Daddy. Eddie was just 14 years old! What were they thinking? But Eddie was eager to go with the troopers. Daddy suggested that Chuck Zipoff, the neighbor who had been riding in the car with them on Saturday morning, might be able to go along with Eddie. Chuck was one of the smartest men I knew. He seemed to know something about everything, and he knew people everywhere we went. Chuck could handle this situation better than most people. However, my inner defenses screamed that it should be Daddy with Eddie, no one else. Somehow, Daddy brought order to situations. With Daddy, we were always safe. It was settled before I had time to process the information. Chuck and his son, David, would go with Eddie and the officers. In an instant, they were gone.

That evening everything moved around me in a separate reality. We went to church, just like always. My friends talked about hair, clothes and boys, but it all seemed so trivial. The gravity of the situation fell over me like a heavy blanket. Everything else was distant, as if I was watching the scene rather than a part of it. I went through the motions of church, but my heart was not there.

Whatever Daddy preached about that evening failed to capture my attention. Instead I prayed for Eddie, "Protect him, Lord. Keep him safe. Help him to help them." My prayers for help turned to pleas of confusion "He shouldn't be involved in this, God. He's too young. Why Eddie?"

When we reached home, we found out that the troopers had taken Eddie and the Zipoffs to the home of Bob Carr near Lynhurst on Hearst and Seerly Roads in Decatur Township. They all positively identified the pickup truck parked in the driveway. Eddie and David pointed out the unique wide white spoke rims of the tires, the utility boxes and the hodge-podge paint job. It was definitely the truck they had seen parked by the creek Saturday morning, the same truck Eddie had seen at the construction site. Bob Carr owned the truck, but his foster son, Steven Judy, had been driving it from Friday evening until Saturday morning around 8:00 a.m., the time frame during which the murder occurred. After the officers brought Eddie, David and Chuck back home, they returned to the Carr residence and arrested 22-year-old Steven Judy.

Up to that point everything had been speculation. Now it felt real. Suddenly, I found myself in a situation that seemed entirely impossible, and I had no idea how to handle it. My illusion was shattered. No longer could I hold on to the detachment of an spectator. Our family was entwined in the most heinous murder Mooresville had ever seen. Murder had invaded my family and robbed me of my sense of security. The world became hazy and sounds acute. It was as if my senses were heightened and dulled simultaneously. In that experience, I came to understand how people can drift into seclusion when they realize they are never completely safe. Weariness overwhelms the body and sleep beckons as a means of escape. There is a point at which the mind rebels

and like a computer issues the message, "This does not compute." There is a teetering between perseverance and hopelessness.

Suddenly we were indirect victims of the murder as well. My quiet life in our safe little town had been assaulted. An outsider had invaded my peaceful community with murder, a crime with which I never anticipated being remotely associated. The world full of lawyers, depositions, trials and legal maneuverings was an unfamiliar realm that looked dark and ominous. I had no idea at the time that the journey would take me decades to conclude.

The morning news splashed pictures of the accused murderer and his victims onto our TV screen. The contrast was unmistakable. Terry Lee Chastern, a pretty 21-year-old woman with long straight hair, smiled in a professional photograph. The picture of the children showed them in their Sunday best. The two boys, four-year-old Steven and two-year-old Mark, were in plaid suit coats and little neckties, and the girl, 5 year-old Misty, wore a frilly dress accented with ribbons. Their innocent smiles, dark hair and big brown eyes pierced my heart. Steven Judy's mug shot provided a glaring contrast. His lips formed a straight line, his eyes were fixed in a blank stare, and his face was void of emotion. His blond hair parted on the side swept low across his broad forehead. There was a marked incongruity between the joy and excitement of the victims and the lifeless expression of the man charged with their murders.

"Do you recognize him, Eddie?" Daddy gently probed.

"No," Judy's face loomed on the screen. "He doesn't look familiar."

The fact that Eddie didn't recognize Steven Judy somehow brought me a small sense of relief. Knowing that he had been working a quarter of a mile from our home was enough to deal with. Had Eddie recognized him, it would have brought us one step

CHAPTER 2

Overnight the names Steven Timothy Judy and Terry Lee Chasteen, names I had never known before, were woven into the fabric of my life. They were bright red threads, which created a bold image and clashed horribly with the previous pattern. The threads looked out of place and ugly. I didn't see how they could fit. You don't always see what the weaver has in mind when the pattern begins to change.

The Monday morning news splashed pictures of the accused murderer and his victims onto our TV screen. The contrast was unmistakable. Terry Lee Chasteen, a pretty 21- year-old woman with long straight hair, smiled in a professional photograph. The picture of the children showed them in their Sunday best. The two boys, four-year-old Steven and two-year-old Mark, were in plaid suit coats and little neckties, and the girl, 5 year-old Misty, wore a frilly dress accented with ribbons. Their innocent smiles, dark hair and big brown eyes pierced my heart. Steven Judy's mug shot provided a glaring contrast. His lips formed a straight line, his eyes were fixed in a blank stare, and his face was void of emotion. His blond hair parted on the side swept low across his broad forehead. There was a marked incongruity between the joy and excitement of the victims and the lifeless expression of the man charged with their murders.

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The fact that Eddie didn't recognize Steven Judy somehow brought me a small sense of relief. Knowing that he had been working a quarter of a mile from our home was enough to deal with. Had Eddie recognized him, it would have brought us one step

closer to the situation. As it was, I was still reeling from the events of the day before.

Eddie didn't say much. No one in the family said much. We all wondered silently what the next step might be.

Eddie and I went to different schools. I was a sophomore at Mooresville High School, while Eddie was in eighth grade at Mooresville Christian School. At school, Eddie didn't make a big deal about what had happened over the weekend. In fact, very few people knew that he had been involved in any way. I felt like I had inside information but didn't know if I should share it. As my friend Tina and I walked the halls before classes started, I broached the subject.

"You know that murder this weekend?" I began.

"Yeah, I saw it on the news."

"Well, Eddie identified the truck."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Dad and Eddie saw a truck at by the bridge on Saturday morning. Well, he told the police about it, and yesterday they took Eddie to identify the truck. Then they arrested the guy."

"So he identified the truck. I heard a lot of other people went to the police, too. Larry Eicher did and Dan Wagner."

I don't know what I expected, but that wasn't it. Even though I told a few people that my brother had identified the truck, no one seemed to understand why I thought it was so important. On the other hand, everyone seemed to know someone who had gone to the police with information.

In the Monday, April 30, 1979 evening editions of *The Indianapolis Star*, *The*

Indianapolis News and the *Reporter*, a local daily paper printed in Martinsville, the details of the murder began to emerge. Monday morning Morgan County Prosecutor Tom Gray had held a press conference and explained what they understood about the murder at that point. Terry Chasteen had been on her way to drop her children off at a babysitter's house before heading to work at Marsh grocery store in Indianapolis. It appeared that she had had car trouble and pulled over on the shoulder of Interstate 465. Steven Judy, a construction worker, stopped to offer her help, presumably disabled the car, and offered her a ride. He then drove Terry and the children to the White Lick Creek bridge on Indiana 67. The medical examiner's tests were not finalized, but it appeared that the woman was sexually assaulted, strangled, and left in the creek. According to one article, "Detectives said the children drowned, apparently after being unclothed and thrown into the icy water."

The facts reported in black print on a white page were stark. My imagination had no trouble filling in the blanks where details were missing. I could see the route in my mind. What was Terry going through as she realized this good Samaritan had intentionally passed her turn? Had she been alone, maybe she could have found a way to get out of the truck, but there was no way she could get the children out without harm. Every minute she must have been doing whatever she could, cooperating with what the man ordered, to keep the children safe. Images of her fearful struggle and panic raced through my mind.

Several sentences stood out to me in the *Reporter* article. "The authorities credited the public and good police work with the quick arrest in the case. An appeal through the media brought forth many witnesses, and Gray said, 'We've probably got 30

or more' at this time." Eddie and Daddy were among many who had come forward to help. No names were mentioned. However, further down in the article, I saw something that indicated to me the reporter might be referencing my brother. "It was the description of the pickup truck that led to his arrest. Witnesses saw the vehicle between 6:30 and 8 o'clock in the morning."

Eddie was just a kid. Would anyone take him seriously? He was a little reserved, a bit of a loner. He didn't give the impression of a young man who was self-assured. At fourteen years old, he was like most adolescents, slightly insecure and uncertain in an adult world. Nevertheless, the police had not dismissed his statement, but rather valued it as a missing piece in their puzzle.

The next few days were a media whirlwind as the judicial process began to roll, and more information about Steven Judy came to the surface. Judy's history revealed a litany of crimes including burglary, armed robbery, rape, battery, and assault with intent to kill. Even more disturbing was the fact that this pattern of crime began when he was only twelve years old and continued consistently for the next ten years. Judy had been in prison more than he had been free in the last several years. In fact as a result of a slip up between the Departments of Correction in Illinois and Indiana, he had been released on bond only five days before the murder. Our outraged community fumed that the murder could have been prevented had proper procedures been followed. This time Steven Judy was held without bond.

As Judy's face flashed onto our TV, Mom said, "You know, whenever I see him I think, he looks like a decent guy. In fact, he's good looking."

"I don't think he's good looking. He gives me the creeps," I countered.

"He had a future ahead of him. And he just wasted his life by doing that," Mom added.

There was sympathy in her voice that I couldn't understand. Every time I saw his face, whether it was in the newspaper or flashed on the television screen, a cold shiver rippled through me. I feared that face. To me it represented the most heinous of crimes. I judged the man long before a jury was even chosen. In my eyes, Steven Judy was guilty.

According to Monday's newspapers, Prosecutor Thomas Gray, who was in his first term, had publicly declared his intention to send Judy to the electric chair.

"Under the new Indiana Penal Code I only have to prove one aggravating circumstance beyond a reasonable doubt to seek a death penalty," Gray announced. The article stated that if rape had been committed that would suffice. Yet the very next day, Tuesday, May 2nd, when Judy faced Judge James Harris in Morgan County Superior Court in the preliminary affidavit, the charges were not filed under the death penalty statute. Prosecutor Gray explained that he wanted to do more research before filing the charge.

"I also began doing a little soul searching. Here we have four people dead already, and I think we should reflect on what would be accomplished by taking a fifth life," said the Prosecutor.

Steven was reported to have wept when he heard that he could get a 40 year prison sentence for each of the four murders. The matter would be taken to the Morgan County Grand Jury in the next week. Prosecutor Gray would follow the grand jury's recommendation in regard to the death penalty.

The death penalty issue set off an explosion of controversy. Letters to the editor in both Mooresville's *The Times* and Martinsville's *Reporter* voiced opinions for and against capital punishment.

Kathryn Stockton wrote, "If Mr. Judy is found guilty of the four murders committed, putting him to death would provide us with a near 100 percent chance that he would never commit murder, thus protecting innocent lives... we would be carrying out God's commandment that a man who kills another shall pay with his life."

In Mooresville, a petition was drawn up asking for the death penalty if Steven Judy was found guilty. Within three hours and fifteen minutes, Mrs. Bernard Hoff collected 700 signatures outside of the Kroger grocery store. By the time the grand jury met, the petition had 5,532 signatures. This prompted letters to the editor as well.

"To those of you who have signed the petitions to get the death sentence for Steven Judy: How can you live with yourselves knowing that you may be a part of a mass murder?" wrote one citizen. "I thought we were civilized people! I can understand you wanting this man to pay for what he did. I want this also. But who are we! Can we all be a judge over whether our neighbor lives or dies?" The person went on to say we needed to get involved and find ways to help offenders and thereby save lives. The letter was signed simply "Name withheld" because he or she "would rather be judged in secret" and "not start a town war."

In 1972, the United States Supreme Court had ruled the death penalty unconstitutional, but in 1977 it had been reinstated in Indiana. However, no execution had been carried out in the state since the reinstatement. In fact, the last execution in Indiana had been Richard Kiefer in June 15, 1961, almost 20 years before. There was

still a great deal of controversy across the country over the issue.

I was torn between the two sides myself. I struggled between the God of love who brought forgiveness and the God of justice who demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It was difficult for me to reconcile the two. I pushed aside the tug of war, reasoning that no decision had been made yet to ask for the death penalty. Years later I came to understand that my two views of God were not at odds as I had thought. My loving God does offer forgiveness, but at the same time His justice must be served. Forgiveness does not eliminate consequences. God forgives me when I ask Him, which restores my relationship with Him. At the same time, God allows me to suffer the consequences for my behavior in order that I may learn from my choices.

The May 3, 1979 issue of *The Times*, Mooresville's weekly paper, carried the obituaries for the Chasteen family. It also printed a letter from Prosecutor Thomas Gray thanking the community: "I feel that this case broke in our favor as a direct result of our plea for citizen involvement broadcast by WCBK on Saturday afternoon. Because of this broadcast, we had several witnesses before the day was over who helped immensely and did, in fact, cause us to discover Steven Judy."

An editorial entitled "Murder Touches Our Sleepy Towns" hit the heart of what I was experiencing. It began, "Outrage, stunned disbelief, wordless grief. Murder has hit close to home. Terry Chasteen and her three small children are dead. Their death touches not only Mooresville, where their bodies were found last Saturday, but the tentacles of the outrageous crime reach to Camby, where the children's grandmother lives."

The writer went on to describe the ripples of fear spreading through our

community. "Women talk quietly of how they fear for themselves and their children. Men and women alike speak of a posse, vigilantes to seek out the murderers who snuff out innocent lives. They talk of unspeakable punishment for men who kill children and women. What is happening to people? What can be done? Who has the answers?"

There was a segment of our society that might decide to take justice into their own hands if the opportunity presented itself. While it was generally a peaceful town, Mooresville had its dark side. It was no secret that the Ku Klux Klan had a strong hold in our community. Even though I had never actually seen a cross burning on anyone's lawn, I had heard of it happening, had even expected it to happen to us on a few occasions when friends from Africa were visiting our home. I had also experienced the venomous hatred of the sons and daughters of Klansmen as we debated civil rights in our American civics class. It was not much of a stretch for me to imagine members of our community outraged to the point of taking violent action, if they thought justice was not being served. They had been doing it for years.

I understood the fear gripping our community. It had entered my own home. We didn't know how to handle such and extreme situation. The police department does not hand you a booklet with easy step by step instructions on how to cope with being thrust into a murder investigation. We didn't really talk about the murder or our family's part in the process. Right from the beginning, there was an unspoken understanding that we wouldn't talk about it unless Eddie brought it up. He was dealing with the heaviest weight, and we did not want to upset him unnecessarily. Eddie never brought it up. Mom and Daddy discussed it late at night, after everyone was supposed to be asleep. They often talked at the kitchen table, and their hushed voices drifted in through the open

door of my bedroom if I happened to be lying awake.

There was an understanding about secrecy in our home. Since Daddy was a pastor, people often came to him with their problems. Sometimes I became privy to private personal information by virtue of living in our home. So it was not unusual to not discuss a sensitive matter, out of respect for an individual's privacy. I viewed it as comparable to a psychiatrist whose work required confidentiality that limited him in discussing his work with his family. Keeping quiet about things I might inadvertently overhear was mandatory. My parents did not refuse to answer questions, but their response would be minimal, restricted to what I needed to know. This situation was no different. Out of respect for Eddie's needs and wishes, I did not discuss the murder in his presence.

It became my pattern in dealing with people in distress. I waited for them to talk, not pushing or probing but giving them space. Often it worked, but sometimes it was misinterpreted as disinterest. I hope that Eddie never saw it that way. Surely he knew I ached to help but didn't know how. It felt as if a chasm existed between us. I watched from across the divide, a silent observer too far away to reach or help. Honestly, I don't think Eddie would have said much, even if I had tried to get him to talk about it. Had I had the courage, I would have asked if he was afraid someone was going to come after him? How was he doing – really? Was he afraid no one would believe him? Did he wish he had never seen that truck? Did he have nightmares about Steven Judy, like I did? At the very least, I would share my fears with him, realizing it would not inflate his own but rather reduce them because he would know he was not alone. Eventually, I discovered the answers to most of my questions. I still wonder, if he could, would he

have taken back that one moment when he saw the truck at the bridge and just close his eyes instead.

We were all aware of what Eddie was experiencing since we were a part of it on different levels. Through the TV news and newspapers, we kept up to date on the case. Mom even saved newspaper clippings of stories about the murder. I was very aware that Sheriff Richard Allen had requested to have Steven Judy transferred to another jail. Judy had twice previously attempted to break out of the Marion County Jail, and Allen did not want a repeat performance in Morgan County. The sheriff also feared for Judy's safety because of the hostility within the community. There had been threats to hang Judy. Other inmates were considered dangerous to Judy's well being because of their intolerance for people who harm children. Unfortunately, Judge James Harris refused the transfer request, so Judy remained in the Morgan County Jail in Martinsville, much too close for comfort.

CHAPTER 3

The Fox family lived just down from us on Allison Road in Camby, just outside of Mooresville. Their farm land was the view I saw from my bedroom window. George and Opal Fox had purchased the farm in 1967. George had been raised in Kentucky, and I loved his easy drawl. Opal was a lot like my mom, a hard-working woman always busy with the garden, canning, baking, teaching Sunday school and keeping the household running. Joanna, their youngest daughter and one of my best friends, was a freshman at Taylor University in Upland, Indiana, a few hours from the upheaval we were experiencing at home. The Fox's oldest daughter, Connie, and her husband Dan Wagner lived down the road in the opposite direction. If I looked out of my bedroom window to the left, I saw the Fox's farmhouse, and to the right, I saw the Wagner's house. Dan Wagner was my Sunday school teacher, and Connie was my drama director at church. George and Dan worked the farm together. Though George was a little shy, the wrinkles around his eyes came from his quick smile and teasing nature. Dan was the more outgoing of the two men and could easily strike up a conversation with anyone he met. Both men were characterized by their hard work and integrity.

On Friday, less than a week after the murder, Trooper Lance Seever and Ron Miller of the Indiana State Police were at George Fox's home to take a deposition from George. The Fox farm itself was 174 acres, but they rented an additional farm from Walter Smitherman where they also kept some cows. On the morning of the murder, at about 7:40 a.m., George was driving south on 67, heading out of town. He and Dan were on their way to check on their cows at the Smitherman farm as part of their Saturday

morning routine.

“We saw this truck sitting parked there by the creek bridge, and we saw a man running across the field to this truck. And he was in a real big hurry, looked like, and we thought he was just cold. He was coming across from the levee across to the truck,” George told the officers. State Road 67 was a divided highway with two lanes going each way. George was driving south in the far right lane, and the truck he saw was parked across the two northbound lanes where there was a pull in, usually used by fishermen. George remarked to Dan that the man had probably been fishing.

The officers asked if George could describe the man. “He looked like he was about 5’6”, and weight 160, you know, just looking at him. And he had light clothes on; I don’t know what – kind of a light jacket. He didn’t have no hat on, I noticed that part.” Except for church, I rarely saw George without a hat.

When asked if he had seen that particular truck parked there before, George shook his head, “No, I’ve never seen that truck around there no where.” Pausing briefly, he continued, “Unless it was down here at this job at Allison Road, now it was down there two or three days, I’m pretty sure of that. They was building a new house down there and I think that was the same truck.”

This information, which came as an afterthought to George, corroborated Eddie’s earlier statement and caught the trooper’s attention. He asked George if he had talked to anyone else about having seen the truck previously. George answered that he hadn’t. George had no idea that Eddie had given the police the same information on Saturday evening, and that information had led the police to Steven Judy.

Early on it was decided that depositions would be secured from all of the

individuals who may potentially testify. This would ensure that their testimony was available at the time of the trial even if they were unable to testify, due to death or absence. Witnesses were summoned to the county seat in Martinsville for this purpose. Both Eddie and Daddy were scheduled to give their depositions on the same day, but Chuck and David Zipoff had separate appointment dates.

No one expected to come face to face with Steven Judy, but he sat right across the table from each witness during their deposition. Daddy was not allowed in the room while the attorneys questioned Eddie, but Mom was. She said Steven Judy stared at him, and Eddie did his best to look anywhere but at Steven Judy, as he sat within a few feet of the accused murderer. The room must have felt far too small. When self-conscious or overly warm, Eddie's cheeks turn bright red. I could imagine his cheeks burning as he felt the eyes of Steven Judy on him. Eddie's gentle nature and soft tone clashed with the brash, callous, man seated across from him.

Eddie told them about seeing the truck and mentioning it to David as they passed the bridge on their way to Kelly's for breakfast that Saturday morning. Of course, the key to Eddie's testimony was the fact that he recognized the truck and knew where he had previously seen it. Eddie explained he had first seen the truck at the construction site visible from his classroom window at the Mooresville Christian School. Like most other teenage boys, cars and trucks caught his attention, so it was not at all unusual for him to pick up on the details of an unique truck.

The prosecuting attorney asked, "Why were you looking out the window during school, so that you saw that truck?"

"I got bored," Eddie answered.

Steven Judy laughed at that. It had not been so long ago that he was sitting in a school room, distracted by boredom. I'm sure he never thought it would be a 14-year-old boy who would lead the police to him.

Edna Zipoff went with David to give his deposition. She was relieved to find out that she was able to be in the room with David while the lawyers questioned him. David was a year younger than Eddie, just thirteen years old. We figured, since they had been in the car together and saw basically the same thing; the boys' stories would be virtually the same. The trial format of the deposition threw David. In fact, they caught him right off the bat.

The lawyer began, "Tell us, David, about the morning of the murder. What happened?"

"Well, I got up and had breakfast," David answered. Of course, David was on his way to Kelly's for breakfast when he passed the murder site.

"Do you always eat that many breakfasts?" the lawyer responded.

After a few more questions, they said, "Okay, we have enough." Obviously, David's little slip up had tainted his testimony.

On the way home, the gravity of the situation began to settle in, "Mom, I might have made someone die."

"No, honey, he did it himself," Edna responded.

Larry Eicher was another friend of ours who had contacted the police. Larry and his son, Alan, had also been on their way to the prayer breakfast but had passed the truck just as it was pulling out. In fact, it caught Larry's attention because the driver quickly backed into the median then took off. Larry couldn't identify the driver, but he had seen

Judy's picture enough on the news to recognize him when he went to give his deposition and saw Judy walking around with a casual air.

Mom and Daddy noticed that Eddie's grades began to slip. Although he had never been an academic scholar, it was clear that the situation was affecting his performance in school. They never made an issue of it, never pressured him to work harder or suggested that he was not achieving his potential. More was going on inside Eddie than he indicated outwardly. We knew Eddie lived with an ever present fear that he could be in danger. Although there were no obvious threats to his safety, the possibilities were easy to imagine. Now Judy knew where we lived, where we went to church and where Eddie went to school. If any of Judy's friends or family members wanted to get revenge or eliminate a few witnesses, it would not be difficult to find our family. Worse yet, if Judy happened to escape, we would be easy targets.

I could not escape the randomness of what Steven Judy had done. This guy had been working down the road from our house, where Eddie passed by on his way home from school and where I rode my bike. It could have just as easily been me as Terry Chasteen. In my naiveté, I was just as vulnerable as she had been, perhaps even more so.

It was then that I determined I would rather die than be raped. I was at peace in my relationship with God, so I was ready to die. I was not so sure I could live with the physical and psychological aftermath of a sexual attack. It was an easy choice to make as a teenager. However, when I became a parent my perspective shifted entirely. I realized that if my children's lives were in jeopardy, I would endure any assault to try to save them, just as Terry Chasteen had done.

CHAPTER 4

On May 14, 1979 Steven Judy listened as four murder indictments were brought against him by the grand jury of Morgan County. Thomas Gray followed the grand jury's recommendation and sought the death penalty in the case. The court appointed Attorney John Boren as Judy's lawyer.

It is odd how one area of life can be in such an upheaval while the rest of life continues on seemingly unaffected. Without a great deal of fanfare, I turned 16 on Saturday, May 19, 1979. After all the agitation of the past few weeks, I was quite content to have a quiet family birthday dinner at home where my family always made me feel special. I had a new appreciation for the opportunity to celebrate another birthday.

School came to a close near the end of May. Indianapolis and the neighboring area turned its attention away from Steven Judy and the Chasteen murders and toward the Indianapolis 500, the greatest spectacle in racing. As visitors swarmed into the area, the excitement and activities surrounding the Indy 500 temporarily pushed darker thoughts and concerns aside. Rick Mears scored his first Indianapolis 500 win, ushering in an era of dominance for Penske Racing.

Throughout the summer, Steven Judy's name resurfaced in the news. Judy didn't waste much time in taking charge of his case. Convinced of the hostile sentiments of the Morgan County residents, he asked for a change of venue. However, upon hearing that a Morgan County jury had acquitted a man who pled temporary insanity in his wife's murder, Judy withdrew his request, figuring his chances were better in Morgan County than he had originally thought. Instead, he asked for a change of judge. Judge James

Harris was replaced by 37-year-old Judge Jeffrey Boles.

Before being removed from the case, Judge Harris had appointed two psychiatrists, Dr. David Crane and Dr. Ronald Hull, to examine Steven Judy in order to determine if he was competent to stand trial. Dr. Crane was another friend of our family. His office was just down the road from our house, within view of the Yarnell's construction site. In fact, Dr. Crane's oldest son, John, who was in first or second grade at Mooresville Christian School, walked home from school with Eddie and stayed at our house until his father picked him up after work. Dr. Crane never discussed his involvement in the case with Daddy or Eddie and likely was unaware at the time of their association with the trial.

The competency hearing was held on July 9, 1979, with Judge Boles presiding. Both Dr. Crane and Dr. Hull testified that they considered Judy competent to stand trial. During the course of the hearing, Steven Judy became aware that Dr. Crane and his lawyer, John Boren, were friends, which greatly disturbed him. This was exacerbated by the fact that Dr. Crane was a member of the advisory board for Protect the Innocent, a group started by concerned citizens in Mooresville in response to the Chasteen murders, as well as other murders in Indiana. The focus of PTI was to protect innocent people by supporting strict criminal laws as deterrents.

Judy became increasingly dissatisfied with his attorney when Boren did not give him copies of all the case proceedings, and on July 31, 1979 Judy requested that the court appoint a new attorney. Attorney Steve Harris, who had previously defended four murder defendants, was appointed as pauper attorney for Judy. Judy pled innocent and not responsible by reason of insanity. Hence the stage was set, and all of the players

were in place for the trial to be held in January 1980.

As the prosecution and defense prepared their cases, Steven Judy temporarily disappeared from the headlines again. Eddie began his freshman year at Mooresville High School and turned 15 years old on September 1, 1979. The transition from a private Christian school back into the public school was an adjustment. Seldom was any mention of the trial made at home or at school. If Eddie and David discussed it, neither of our families knew it. Whatever Eddie was suffering, he kept it bottled up inside. From my perspective, he was carrying the load alone.

Once again, a police officer showed up at our front door. This time the officer presented subpoenas for both Daddy and Eddie to appear and testify at the trial. With the summons entered a chill that settled over our household. I suppose we had foolishly hoped Eddie would not have to testify. The summons left no further question. Among our friends, Chuck Zipoff, George Fox, Dan Wagner and Larry Eicher had been summoned as well. David Zipoff had not been called to testify.

Copies of their depositions were sent to Daddy and Eddie to remind them of what they had said and seen eight months before. I saw concern and worry etched in my parents' faces as the trial loomed ahead. Eddie and Daddy were scheduled to appear early in the process, on Tuesday, January 15, 1980, the second day of the trial.

I didn't know how to broach the subject so I just came out with it, "Mom, I want to go to the trial when Daddy and Eddie testify."

Furrows formed in the two lines between my mother's eyebrows. At least she did not dismiss my request quickly or without consideration.

"Jeanne, I know you want to go, but I just don't think it will be a good idea."

"But I want to be there to support Eddie," I reasoned.

"I know. But it is going to be awful," she explained.

"I know." Or at least I thought I did.

"Your dad and I think it would be too upsetting for you," she said.

I knew there was no point in pushing further. If she and Daddy had already discussed it, there was nothing to be gained by continuing to beg. I knew they thought they were doing what was best for me. Part of me was relieved, but a larger part of me wanted to be there for Eddie, providing whatever emotional support my presence would bring.

My parents knew me well. The murder had touched us all traumatically, and they did not want to expose me to the ugly details of the case. In addition, if the defense attorney tried to discredit Eddie or trip him up in his testimony, they knew I would react. My face was an open book. They could not risk Eddie begin distracted by me. His testimony was too important.

In retrospect, I cannot say my parents made the wrong decision. In their position, I would make the same choice. Compliant by nature, I accepted my parents' decision, although at the time I felt it was overprotective of them. I thought I was strong and mature enough to handle it. Looking back, I know that I was very naïve, emotional and sensitive. If Steven Judy's picture was enough to disturb me, being in his presence would likely have intensified my distress. My parents' decision was a blessing that took me years to recognize.

On Monday, January 7, 1980, jury selection began with a pool of 100 potential jurors. Twelve jurors and four alternates would be chosen. Controversy began within the

first day when Steven Judy's attorney, Steven Harris, objected to Judge Boles' interviewing the jurors as a group rather than individually. Harris went a step further and called for a mistrial when one of the potential jurors announced that he would believe anything one of the listed witnesses might say. In his opinion, Harris felt that this declaration would influence other potential jurors. Judge Boles overruled Harris and continued with the interviews. Jurors were questioned about their views on the insanity plea, the death penalty and their previous knowledge of the case. Once again Steven Judy was present, facing the prospective jurors as they responded.

Finally, on Saturday a jury of four women and eight men was seated. Four alternates were chosen, one female and three males. For the safety of their families the list of jurors would not be released until after the trial, and no pictures were to be taken of the members of the jury. The jury was immediately sequestered for the duration of the trial, which was estimated to take four to six weeks. Opening statements were scheduled to begin on Monday, January 14, 1980.

I went to school on January 15th, just like any other day. I did my work and took notes, but every spare moment I spent praying for Eddie and Daddy. They consumed my thoughts and prayers. The day was never-ending; the bus ride home was interminable. Unfortunately, as the bus rolled to a stop in front of my house, I noticed there was no car parked in the driveway. No one was home.

I found out later that Eddie had testified late in the afternoon, the next to last witness of the day. Unsure of what time Eddie and Daddy were supposed to testify, I tried to busy myself with something - homework, dinner preparations, anything. When I heard our car pull into the driveway, I watched through the sheer white curtains of the

picture window as my family got out of the car. To my surprise, they were chatting quite casually. But as they entered the house, I could see that their relaxed air was a façade. Etched in their features were the marks of grave solemnity.

I read in Eddie's face the strain of the ordeal. I knew that Eddie would not pour out his soul to me, nor would I hear from him details of what he had experienced. The doors to that part of his history were shut and locked, and I did not possess the key. I could try to pry open the door, push and push until the lock gave, but it would not be worth the risk of the damage I might do in the process. I had to respect his privacy, even in this. His nature was to hold things inside, while mine was to pour everything out.

"How did it go?" I asked, trying to match their casual tone.

Eddie shrugged, "Okay, I guess." He hung up his coat in the closet and made his way down the hallway to the sanctuary of his bedroom.

Daddy's response told me little more. "It was difficult. The whole situation is awful."

I looked to Mom for more. Every day when I came home from school I spilled out my whole day to her. I wanted the same from her now. I needed details.

"How did Eddie do?" I asked.

A weak smile came to Mom's face, "He did great, so did your dad. But Daddy wasn't allowed into the courtroom while Eddie testified."

"Why not?"

Daddy replied, "They were afraid someone might call a mistrial."

"You know, they might accuse Willard of feeding answers to Eddie or somehow coaching him on what to say," Mom explained.

“That’s ridiculous!” Anyone who knew my father would know better. Of course, none of these people knew my father. The realization of what that meant began to wash over me. How could they refuse to let Daddy be in the courtroom? How could they let Eddie take the stand without his father there to support him? He was just a kid!

“So Eddie was in there alone?”

“I was able to be in the court room while he testified. He was so brave.” A tear formed in Mom’s eye, threatening to spill out. “I was so proud of him.”

I felt like an outsider. I wanted to know every detail but was only fed the headlines. Often, adversity draws people together as they reach out to support each other. Any support I could offer seemed shallow at best. There was no way I could understand in the same way my family did the experience of that day or the burden of the truth.

From that time on in many ways, Eddie ceased to be a kid. He had been thrust too early into the adult world with its ugliness and depravity. It all seemed so cold to me. Someone his age should not have to bear the load he bore. Yet, he shouldered it like a young man, shifting his body to carry the burden without letting it visibly bear down on him.

CHAPTER 5

At the time, we only knew our small segment of the story and what we could learn from the news. Only years later did I become privy to the details of the trial. I pored over old newspaper articles and select sections of trial transcripts, and I talked to old friends because I needed closure. Gradually the scattered pieces of the puzzle came together as I put side by side the snapshots of time observed by my family and friends

Judge Jeffrey Boles went to great lengths to see that the trial proceedings were in no way jeopardized by anything that was within his power to control. Security was tightened in the courthouse. Everyone attending the trial was required to pass through a metal detector, which was unusual in 1980. The judge also ordered the separation of witnesses, which meant none of the individuals whose names appeared on the list of potential witnesses were allowed in the courtroom during the trial. This is why Daddy was not able to be in the courtroom while Eddie was testifying, and why Eddie waited alone while Daddy testified.

The tension in the courtroom was magnified during Prosecutor John Gray's opening remarks when Defense Attorney Steve Harris requested the suppression of a statement made by Steven Judy. While the issue was discussed, the jury was removed. The statement in question was made in the presence of Indiana State Police Detective, Frank Love. Judy is reported to have told him, "I think I killed them." Harris had been denied upon a previous attempt to suppress the same statement; however, this time he cited more case law to support his appeal.

The judge sustained the motion but told Harris, "I want that authority quickly."

When the opening statements resumed, the Prosecuting Attorney instructed the jury, "You are to decide on guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity."

In his opening remarks, Defense Attorney Steve Harris told the jury, "You may very well hate Steven Judy by the time you hear all the case." Harris' intention was to expose Judy's horrendous past crimes, thereby giving evidence to his insanity.

The first witness called in the case was Jack Lane. Terry Chasteen and her children had lived with Jack Lane for approximately two and a half years. It was Lane who was asked to identify the victims from pictures taken at the murder site. Though obviously shaken and overcome, Jack Lane nearly inaudibly uttered each victim's name as the pictures shook in his hands. Apparently, the photographs were considered too graphic to be shown to the jury. Once the jury was out of the courtroom, the haunting pictures flashed onto a screen. Terry Chasteen was shown as the police had found her body, naked and bruised with various cuts and scrapes, hands bound behind her back and the ligature still tied around her head and throat. Although the children were originally reported to have been found naked, the pictures from the scene showed them fully clothed. Froth around their mouths and noses was later pointed out as a sign of drowning. Little hands and shoes, matted hair and water soaked clothing pierced the hearts of those in the courtroom, all except Steven Judy. The only reaction Judy displayed was to turn his head aside when the children's pictures appeared on the screen.

Witnesses were called to establish a timeline of events. At approximately 6:30 a.m., Arthur Rhodes of Camby saw a man and woman looking under the hood of a car on Interstate 465 near the Indiana 70 exit, which was where Lane's Ford Granada Terry Chasteen had been driving was found. Ernest Matthias verified seeing a man looking

under the hood of a car at the same location, as well as a truck with utility boxes parked behind the car. When asked to identify the man, Matthias pointed to Steven Judy.

Around 6:45 a.m. on State Road 67, Charles Hargis had seen a truck driven by a man with a woman and small children as passengers. The gray and red truck passed him, driving off erratically. At one point, the woman waved to Mr. Hargis, but he had no idea why. He did not understand that her courageous signal was a desperate plea for help. Charles Hargis had gone on his way, while Terry Chasteen and her children were sped to their death.

Tuesday, January 15, 1980, was the second day of the trial, the day Daddy and Eddie were scheduled to testify. Even though most of our friends testified on the same day, they did not come in contact with each other. However, when Steven Judy was brought into the courtroom, he walked right through the room where Eddie and Daddy were sitting. He was not even bound by handcuffs. A state law prohibited his being seen by the jury in handcuffs because it may influence their opinion of his guilt.

Tuesday's seventeen witnesses continued the progression of events with various sightings of a truck at White Lick Creek Bridge, beginning around 6:50 a.m. A man named Robert Utley saw two people standing beside the truck, which he described as ugly, at 6:53 a.m. Richard Dyke of Martinsville also passed the bridge at approximately 7:00 a.m. on his way to work.

"I saw a man walking toward the creek. He had one child under his right arm. He had something under his left arm – it could have been a blanket wrapped around another child," Dyke testified. He saw another child that he thought was a girl standing about fifteen feet ahead of the man. While the scene was a bit curious, Richard Dyke could not

possibly have imagined what would take place within the next hour.

Of the people we knew, Chuck Zipoff was the first to testify. Chuck explained that he and his son David were riding with Daddy and Eddie to a men's prayer breakfast at Kelly's restaurant, just a few miles outside of Mooresville. In estimating the time at which they crossed the bridge, Chuck had mentioned that the prayer breakfast was to begin at 7:30 a.m., but he was uncertain if they were on time or late. No one in the car had seen anyone near the truck at the moment they passed. Chuck's testimony also covered the identification of the truck on Sunday with Eddie and David.

Daddy was called to testify before Eddie was, so he left Eddie sitting by himself to await his turn. Daddy's testimony seemed to serve as verification of what Chuck had already said and laid the groundwork for Eddie.

Years ago Daddy had made the decision that any time he was sworn in he would respond with, "I so affirm," rather than "I swear." It was a religious principle for him based on verses found in the Bible in James and Matthew. James 5:12 says, "Above all, my brothers, do not swear – not by heaven or by earth or by anything else. Let your 'Yes' be yes, and your 'No,' no, or you will be condemned." Therefore, when Daddy was asked if he swore to tell the truth, he answered, "I so affirm," indicating his word alone was good enough.

The Prosecutor, Thomas Gray, began his questioning by asking Daddy his name and occupation to which Daddy responded, "Willard Williams. I'm a minister of the gospel."

Daddy's testimony established that for six years he had been the pastor at Grace Missionary Church located on the corner of Allison Road and State Road 67 outside

Mooreville and that we lived on Allison Road. The Prosecutor also verified that there was an elementary and junior high school associated with the church.

Prosecutor Gray continued his questioning, "Mr. Williams, I want to direct your attention to April 28, 1979. Did you have an occasion to go from your house south on State Road 67 to Kelly's Grandview Restaurant that morning?"

Daddy responded affirmatively.

"And approximately what time did you leave your house?"

Daddy replied, "Approximately seven fifteen, seven twenty."

"Now, on what would you base that time?" Gray asked.

"The breakfast was to be held at seven thirty, and I'd agreed to pick up a neighbor and his son."

"Who would that be?"

"That would be Charles and David Zipoff," Daddy answered.

Prosecutor Gray proceeded to ask which route they took and when they passed through the intersection of State Road 67 and White Lick Creek.

Daddy replied, "I would estimate it would be right about seven twenty-five, seven-thirty, in that period of time."

"Was there any conversation once you got to Kelly's about the time in relationship to the time of the meeting?"

"Yes, there was a sizable number of men there, and some were accusing me, the pastor, of being late." Anyone who knew my father knew that he was always early for everything. If he was late, it would certainly be noteworthy.

Gray asked, "Did you defend yourself?"

"Yes, I did." Daddy responded. "I looked at my watch and said it is just one minute to seven-thirty."

"Seven twenty-nine?"

"About seven twenty-nine, correct," Daddy verified.

Prosecutor Gray proceeded, "As you went through the intersection of the bridge and the creek, did you see any vehicles in the area, stopped along the side of the road?"

Daddy answered that he saw a truck and verified its exact location.

"Now what type of vehicle was it?" the attorney asked.

"I would say it was a truck," Daddy replied, "but, driving I didn't give it that much attention."

During cross examination, Defense Attorney Steven Harris returned to the issue of their time of arrival at Kelly's restaurant.

"Reverend Williams, Mr. Zipoff during his direct examination made some reference to the fact that when he's with you at public meetings, he's sometimes accused of being late. Whose fault is that?" Harris asked.

"I would say it depends on the circumstances."

Steven Harris continued, "Sometimes yours and sometimes his?"

"Hopefully it would not be mine, but it could be," Daddy answered.

The attorney then asked if on the return trip there had been a vehicle parked by the bridge. There had not been as far as Daddy knew. At that point, Daddy was released and told he did not need to testify in the case any further.

While it would have seemed logical for Eddie to testify next, it was our friend, Dan Wagner, who was called to take the stand. Dan and George Fox had left the Fox

farm about 7:30 a.m. and were heading to check on their cows at another farm they had rented. They crossed the White Lick Creek bridge around 7:40 a.m., just a few minutes after Daddy, Eddie and the Zipoffs had. Dan told the court they saw a man running through the field that lay ahead of the creek to a truck parked in the pull-off by the bridge. Defense Attorney Harris pushed Dan on how he knew for sure that it was a man and what distinguished a man's gait from a woman's. Dan knew the attorney was trying to make him look foolish but refused to be drawn into the debate.

George Fox was called to the stand and verified Dan's testimony with his own, "It was almost to the middle of the wheat field where he come out and then he came straight across to his truck." He explained, "I wouldn't have even noticed him if he hadn't been running up that ways, and I said, 'Well, he is cold; he's been fishing.' And then we looked over and there set his truck."

When asked if the truck had any distinguishing features, George replied, "No, just that it was beat up and needed a paint job. It looked like – you know, like a contractor's truck is what it looked like to me."

However, when the attorney asked George if he had ever seen the truck before, he answered that he hadn't. In his deposition, George had mentioned seeing the truck at the construction site on Allison Road, but by the time he stepped into the witness chair, this piece of seemingly insignificant information had drifted from his memory.

After months of waiting, Eddie took the stand. He had told Daddy earlier that day that he wouldn't let anyone shake him from his testimony no matter what questions they asked. In spite of his confidence, the courtroom was an unfamiliar world. Now Daddy was being held outside, and there was little time to spot Mom in the crowded room. He

tried to avoid Steven Judy's eyes as much as possible and sought out Mom or the attorney as his point of focus.

When asked to state his name, Eddie's soft voice fell on only the ears of those close to him, "Eddie Williams."

Prosecutor Gray instructed him, "Mr. Williams, you have to scoot way up so you're sitting right next to the microphone. If you would speak in the microphone, it will pick it up and amplify it, okay?" Thomas Gray then went on to ask questions about where Eddie lived, with whom, and what Daddy did for a living.

"Mr. Williams, how old are you?"

"Fifteen," Eddie answered.

"And what grade of school are you in?"

"Ninth."

"And what school do you go to?" the attorney asked.

"Mooresville High School."

"Were you in the eighth grade last year?"

"Yes," Eddie replied.

Gray asked, "And what school did you go to then?"

"Mooresville Christian School," Eddie responded, but his voice began to fade.

Once again the attorney asked him to speak up a bit.

They went through the details of where they were going, with whom and what time. It all coincided with what Chuck Zipoff and Daddy had already testified. The prosecutor asked Eddie to point out on a map where the truck was located.

"Could you describe the truck that you saw there?" Prosecutor Gray asked.

Eddie confidently answered, "It was a red and silver truck and it had some built in utility boxes."

The attorney produced a photograph and handed it to Eddie saying, "I hand you State's exhibit 51, ask you to take a look at that. Is that the truck that you saw?"

"Looks exactly like the truck."

"Mr. Williams, before April 28, 1979, had you ever seen that truck?" Gray asked.

"Yes."

"Where had you seen that truck?"

Eddie explained, "At a construction site just a little off of Allison."

"And when had you seen that truck?"

"Well, I didn't know the dates, but I was in school at the time."

"Would it have been within a week or a month, a year or what time of the 28th when you saw it at the creek?" the Prosecutor asked.

"Oh, in the past few weeks it'd been," Eddie responded.

Prosecutor Gray questioned further, "Where were you when you saw this truck before?"

"In the classroom."

"Would it be fair to say that you were looking out the window during school?"

"Yeah," Eddie admitted.

The Prosecutor asked specific questions about where the construction site was. Then he asked if Eddie had ever seen any people around it, but he hadn't.

"When did you realize what you saw on the 28th down by the creek was what you had seen of that truck prior to that day?"

"Same time that I saw it there at the creek," Eddie said.

"Did you make comment about I've seen that before or anything?"

"Yeah." Eddie had mentioned it to David Zipoff who was seated next to him in the car. Various questions were asked about how the truck was parked in the pull-off and which direction it was headed.

"When did you first realize that what you had observed at the creek area might be of some hints to the police?" Gray asked.

"Well, when we heard..."

"Speak up," the Prosecutor prompted.

"When we heard on the news about the murders," Eddie answered.

"When did you go to that police?"

"Uh, that night of the 28th."

Eddie went on to explain that at the police station he had written out a statement in which he included the information about where he had seen the truck previously. He told the court about the police taking him to identify the truck. Then he was asked how he knew it was the same truck.

Eddie explained, "Well, I'd never seen a truck before that had been painted like that and the built-in utility boxes, I've never seen that before."

During cross examination, Defense Attorney Steven Harris asked, "What was it that was similar about the truck at the construction site and the truck at the creek?"

"Well, it just looked the same. Same paint job and everything."

"Was there anything in particular that made you, that made it able for you to distinguish or to say for certain that it was the same truck?"

"Well, the paint job and those built-in utility boxes." Eddie repeated.

Harris continued his questioning. Then out of the blue he asked, "Why were you looking out the window?"

"I don't know."

"Do you still look out the window?"

"I'm not there anymore," Eddie explained.

Prosecutor Gray's redirect examination was brief. He asked one question, "Was the truck I showed you in the picture the same one that you saw at the creek?"

"It looks exactly like it, yeah," Eddie replied.

In re-cross examination, Steven Harris pushed the issue, "Eddie, when you said it looks exactly like it, can you say definitely that it is it? It can't be another truck?"

"Well, I don't know, the odds of another truck being painted and had the same boxes on it are - I don't know it looked exactly like it."

Harris continued, "I understand what you're saying, but are there any other characteristics that you can just disqualify every other truck and say that that has to be it in the picture?"

"No," Eddie admitted. With that final word, both attorneys agreed that Eddie was not needed for further questioning and could be released.

One more witness was called that day, Bob Yarnell. This was the link the police needed to find Steven Judy. When Eddie gave the police Bob Yarnell's name, they questioned Mr. Yarnell regarding the truck. He went back through his paperwork and identified Bob Carr, who had been hired to do the masonry work on the home, as the individual he believed to be the owner of the truck. Bob Carr was Steven Judy's foster

father, and Steven had worked for him since he had been released from prison. When the police arrived at the Carr home and questioned Mr. Carr about the truck, he informed them that it was Steven who had been driving the truck during the time in question.

While many people had seen the truck and even the people in the truck or at the murder site, Eddie was the only one who had been able to make the connection the police needed to lead them to Steven Judy. No one else had been able to link the people or truck to a prior location. It is possible they could have eventually found Judy without the information Eddie gave them. But who else may have been hurt or even murdered in the meantime?

Larry Eicher, one of three witnesses to take the stand Wednesday morning, was the last of our friends to testify in the trial. He had been my dad's youth pastor for a few years, then took over as administrator of the Mooresville Christian School and eventually went back to the profession he most enjoyed, tuning pianos. On the morning of the murder, Larry and his twelve-year-old son, Alan, had been running a little late as they made their way to the prayer breakfast and crossed the bridge just a few minutes after George Fox and Dan Wagner. As Larry approached the bridge, the truck caught his attention because it backed across the highway into the median and then sped off in the opposite direction.

When Larry heard about the murders later that Saturday afternoon, he contacted the police. On Sunday evening, the police took Larry and another man to identify the truck at the Carr residence, the same place where Eddie and the Zipoffs had been late in

CHAPTER 6

Proceedings were delayed on Wednesday, January 16, 1980, but neither the jury nor the witnesses were informed as to why. A bomb threat had been called in to Sheriff Dick Allen the previous evening. The male caller told him that at 10:00 Wednesday morning, the courthouse would blow up.

Police officers searched the building and guarded the premises throughout the night. While it was believed to be a hoax, every possible precaution was taken to insure everyone's safety. A rumor circulated that the call was believed to have been made by a jurors' disgruntled husband, who was angry that his wife had been sequestered and was not home to cook for him.

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When Larry heard about the murders later that Saturday afternoon, he contacted the police. On Sunday evening, the police took Larry and another man to identify the truck at the Carr residence, the same place where Eddie and the Zipoffs had been late in

the afternoon. However, on arriving at the Carr home, they found that the truck had already been towed to Zorres Wrecker Service, so they drove there. Larry testified that the truck at the garage looked like the same truck he had seen at the bridge.

Because the area papers went to press in the afternoon, it was the Wednesday evening papers that held the stories covering the testimonies of our various friends. *The Indianapolis News* reported that it was Eddie's "tip that led to the arrest of Judy as a suspect in the slayings." *The Morgan County Gazette* wrote, "Mooreville High School freshman Eddie Williams' testimony linked the construction truck at the site of the bridge to the defendant's foster father, Robert Carr." Little mention was made of my father. Eddie's testimony was the one that made the news. It was strange to see Eddie's name in newsprint. Up to that point, he had not been named publicly. I felt proud, even justified, that he was finally getting the recognition he deserved. At the same time, another part of me felt exposed and vulnerable.

At school the next day, some students in my English class were talking to my teacher, Mrs. Yeager, about the trial. Mrs. Yeager was explaining that her house was right across the street from the construction site where the truck had been.

"Our neighbor boy identified the truck Steven Judy was driving from seeing it at the house that was being built right across from my house, right where I live," she exclaimed.

I said, "That was my brother who testified."

"Eddie Williams? Eddie is your brother?" she asked, and I nodded. "You live right down the road from me," she said as she put the information together. From there, I expected her to ask about Eddie's testimony or talk about how unsettling it was to

discover that a murderer was working right across the street from her home.

“You could babysit for me!”

I hadn’t expected that. So much for Eddie’s recognition!

The remainder of the trial seemed to drone on endlessly. Each day the paper summarized the proceedings. In the January 18, 1980, evening issue of the *Indianapolis News*, reporter Bill Pittman wrote, “Prosecutor Gray, sometimes over and sometimes despite objection by Harris, continued meticulously to pull a net of circumstantial evidence around Judy for whom he has asked the death penalty.” Items found at the murder site and in the truck were entered as evidence, the most crucial being threads from Terry Chasteen’s work smock that had been recovered from inside the truck, soil samples, blood and semen tests. An attempt had been made to cover up footprints by dragging a branch of leaves over them. Evidence that Terry Chasteen had actually been raped was a bit inconclusive because no semen was found in her body, but examiners testified that it could have been washed away since her body was submerged in a creek. However, a large semen stain was found on her coat.

Steven Judy made the most of his time in front of the television cameras and enjoyed the spotlight. During interviews, he was well spoken and even charming, complimenting the Judge Boles and even Prosecutor Gray on how the case was being handled. He said it was difficult to see his foster parents, Bob and Mary Carr, take the stand to be questioned. While it was apparent that they loved Steven, they willingly answered questions in spite of the fact that their responses may incriminate him. Steven held no animosity toward them but rather expressed regret for having put them in this difficult situation.

In order to demonstrate a pattern of behavior, Thomas Gray called to the stand four of Steven Judy's previous victims. The string of crimes dated back to 1970, when Steven was just thirteen years old, through November of 1978. Each woman testified that she believed Steven Judy knew exactly what he was doing at the time of the incident described.

Pamela Barger told the court that she had been attacked by Steven Judy on April 19, 1977, while waiting in her station wagon for the post office to open. Steven Judy jumped in her car, put a knife in her ribs and forced her to put her head in his lap, saying, "Do what I tell you or I'll kill you!" At that point, he commandeered her car. While speeding down the road, he kept a knife on her, unfastened her bra and grabbed her breasts. Judy took hold of her hair, beat her head against the car door and hit her face repeatedly. Pamela was able to grasp Judy's hand that held the knife, and the car spun out of control. Eventually, she fell from the station wagon and was able to flag down a passing driver to help her. Pamela escaped with bruises all over her face, a fractured left cheek bone, a cut finger, numerous bite marks, and her life. The case went to trial but ended in a hung jury. The prosecutor agreed to a plea bargain in which the kidnapping charge was dropped and Judy pled guilty to vehicle theft. He ended up serving one year in jail.

Mary Teeters testified that she was robbed by Steven Judy on November 25, 1978 while working at Majik Market in Indianapolis. Judy had come into the store, made a purchase and walked out. After all the customers left, he returned with a gun. Judy ordered Mary to give him all the money and then to lie down on the floor, which she did. Within an hour, the police caught Judy. It was for this armed robbery that Steven Judy

was out on bond awaiting trial when the Chasteen murders were committed.

Next to take the stand was Susan McFadgen. At 10:20 p.m. on July 23, 1975, in Naperville, Illinois, Susan waited in a parking lot for her boyfriend to get off work. She noticed Steven Judy standing by a truck and then approaching her car. He asked her for the time and about any good bars in the area. She responded that she didn't know about the bars because she was only 17 and didn't drink. Steven jerked open the car door and threatened to stab her if she didn't move over. Susan was able to get out of the car, but Steven pinned her to the ground. He repeatedly punched her in the face, blackening her eyes and fracturing her nose, while she screamed. Fortunately, a car pulled into the lot, and a man came running to Susan's rescue. Judy fled the scene, but police caught him and charged him with assault, for which Judy served 37 months in prison in Illinois.

Perhaps the most disturbing testimony was that of Carol Emig, the last witness called by the prosecution. Her words created a picture of Steven Judy the jury would never forget. Steven himself requested to leave the courtroom and waive his right to hear Carol Emig's testimony. Judge Boles agreed, and Judy left the room without looking at the witness.

Carol Emig's speech was soft and measured as if every word came with effort and thought. On April 17, 1970 when he was only thirteen years old, Steven Judy followed Mrs. Emig home and came to her door posing as a boy scout selling tickets for a fundraiser. He told her that he had to sell the tickets to her husband. When she told him her husband was not home, Steven pulled out a jackknife and forced his way into her apartment. After he had raped her, Carol begged Steven to leave; instead he stabbed her repeatedly with the jackknife until the blade broke. Steven left the bedroom, and Carol

was able to find a hatchet knife to protect herself. Returning from the kitchen with another knife, Steven wrestled the hatchet away from her. He whacked her in the head with the hatchet several times, cutting off her pinky finger with one blow as she raised her hands to shield herself. Believing she was dead, Steven left as Carol's blood created a pool around her.

The effect of Carol Emig's words on those seated in the courtroom was unmistakable. They saw the little finger missing from her left hand when she gestured as she spoke. Carol's words came slowly and methodically as she listed the various medical procedures she had undergone: brain surgery, open heart surgery and abdominal surgery. The attack resulted in 40 wounds, temporary loss of speech and a paralyzed right hand. As a minor, Steven Judy had been committed to Central State Hospital, the Indiana state mental facility. Carol had never appeared in court in the matter.

After Carol Emig's testimony, the prosecution rested its case. When the jury was removed from the court, Defense Attorney, Steve Harris asked the judge to dismiss the case because the prosecution had not presented any conclusive evidence that Steven Judy had actually committed murder. Harris argued that the evidence had placed Judy with the victims at the murder site, but there had been no eye witness to the murder, no evidence of rape and no proof that Steven Judy had murdered any of the victims. Judge Boles denied the motion.

Just reading about Judy's attacks in the newspaper made me feel morally filthy and violated. It was the same feeling I had when a caller made an obscene phone call and asked for me by name. Though I had done nothing myself, the descriptions of the crimes made me feel debased. I valued chastity, so Judy's crimes terrified me. What frightened

me even more was that as a repeat offender he had received relatively short prison sentences. Unfortunately, our judicial system has not changed significantly in the last thirty years, so sex offenders like Steven Judy continue to ricochet in and out of prison. We are now able to see if they are living in our neighborhood. However, effective rehabilitation appears to be minimal and escalation seems more likely. While it is not something I obsess over, I have been very hesitant to grant my daughter some of the simple freedoms I had at her age of sixteen, like riding her bike or jogging down our country roads alone. I refuse to live in fear, but I don't intend to let my daughter become an easy target either.

When the defense presented its case on Monday, January 28th, Attorney Steve Harris began creating an image of Steven Judy through the testimonies of those who knew him best: his former girlfriends, friends and foster family. It was a picture of a man who smoked marijuana, drank heavily, took drugs, burglarized homes and habitually lied. Nevertheless, the same man was described as a nice, intelligent person who loved children and was loved by them in return. Contradictions abounded. Judy was said to be gentle, never violent, but also thrilled by pointing his loaded gun at friends. Several of the women had lived with Judy and testified that they often had sex three or four times a night. His foster father testified that Steven was a good kid, never much trouble. His foster mother told of how he had taken their new car to Illinois and wrecked it after fighting with her over making an obscene phone call.

Steven had come to live with the Carr family around the age of 14. They were unaware of the serious nature of the crimes he had committed. It was their understanding from what Steven had told them that he had tried to rape a woman and had a nervous

breakdown. It was not until Carol Emig gave her deposition two weeks before the trial that they learned of the severity of the violent attack.

"I don't think Steve - in his right mind - would hurt anybody, especially children," Mary Carr said of her foster son. "We're probably the only ones in the room - we know that he's good and we love him. He just couldn't be 'right'." She contended that he had never received the help he needed from the very beginning.

Steven Harris was counting on the jury to understand that this man of contradictions was not in his right mind but was actually insane. With that intent, Harris put Steven Judy on the stand on Tuesday, January 29, 1980, in front of a packed courtroom. Steven told of his childhood with two alcoholic parents who abused him and each other. According to Judy, his father had been arrested 72 times on various charges, and his mother was very free in her sexual relations with other men in front of her children. As early as ten years old, Steven began breaking into cars and first got drunk at the age of eleven. He was a shoplifter and a peeping tom, had sex with his fourteen-year-old sister, and set the neighbor's garage on fire. By the time he was twelve years old, he began attacking and molesting girls. His behavior landed him in the Indianapolis Juvenile Center. Judy boasted that he had committed around 200 burglaries, twenty robberies and twelve to fifteen rapes. In eleven years, Steven had been out of jail a total of three years and eight months.

As I read the newspaper account of testimony, I could not conceive of a lifestyle more diametrically opposed to mine than Steven Judy's. Everything I believed in he opposed. Everything he did, I shunned. We lived in completely different worlds with no shred of common ground between us. It was impossible for me to fathom that he would

find happiness in any of the choices he made. I saw Steven Judy as evil personified.

When Defense Attorney Harris began questioning Judy about the rapes he had committed, Steven stated, "You can't rape a girl if she's not willing." His contention was that a woman puts herself in the position to be raped; she asks for it.

Harris asked, "Do you know it is wrong to rape a woman?"

"Sure it is," Judy answered. Yet, he admitted that he felt no remorse over rape.

A hush fell over the audience as Harris began to question Steven about the events leading up to the murder. Preceding that Saturday, Steven had spent his nights drinking, having sex, smoking marijuana, and taking drugs. Late Friday night he was with Jannie Barnes and Judy Farris, drinking in several bars. The trio returned to the ladies' home, but around 3:00 a.m. Saturday morning Steven left the house to make sure the truck was locked. He never returned but instead spent the next few hours driving around Indianapolis.

When Steven saw Terry Chasteen on I-465, he motioned to her, indicating something was wrong with her car. Terry pulled over, and Steven stopped his truck behind her Granada. Initially, Steven had not realized there were children with Terry. In the guise of a Good Samaritan, he offered to help and while looking under the hood, pulled out a coil wire, disabling the car. When the car would not start, Steven offered to give Terry and the children a ride, so they all piled into the truck. He drove down I-465 to the State Road 67 exit and took 67 until he came to White Lick Creek where he turned off by the bridge.

Steven Judy told the court that they all got out of the truck and walked together down to the creek. Then Terry sent the children ahead of them down a path that runs

along the creek edge.

"That's when I raped her," Judy stated.

"You made her take off her clothes?" Harris asked.

"Yes."

"Then, what happened?"

"Well, I had intercourse with her. Uh, I – I don't know. We, we got through uh, I started to tie her up," Judy stammered.

"What'd you tie her up with?"

"Parts of that red cloth. I tied her hands and her feet together. There's a big long piece of cloth. I took that and made a knot in the middle of it and was going to put it in her mouth as a gag," Steven explained. "Uh, that's when she started hollering about, you know, don't leave me here, she'd never get out. You know, she couldn't, she couldn't ever get undone and about that time the kids started walking back up and they started hollering and screaming."

"And what happened then?"

"I had that gag in her mouth and uh, I tied it behind her head. And with the ends of it that were hanging down, I wrapped it around her throat and strangled her," Steven paused. "All the time these kids were right there. I grabbed her. I - I don't know. I just picked her up and threw her down that hill into the creek. I grabbed Misty and threw her down in the creek. I grabbed them two boys and threw them in the creek."

Harris asked, "Did you feel like you had control over what you were doing at that point in time?"

"I didn't even realize I threw them in the water."

"When did you realize what had happened?"

"Oh, I don't know," Judy replied. "I looked back and seen that one little boy standing up in the water."

Obviously, Steven Judy had not left the boy standing there but had plunged him further into his watery grave. Even though his story did not match all of the testimonies of the witnesses called by the state, Steven had confessed to the rape and four murders. The exact details of what occurred were known only to the voiceless victims and Steven Judy himself. When asked by attorney Harris if he had intended to kill the children and Terry, it did not really matter that Judy answered, "No."

Harris asked, "How do you feel after you have committed a crime? Raped a woman?"

"I get excited," Judy said. "I start speedin'. I get a high and get to talking fast and stuttering and get nervous."

"Are you able to control what you're doing once you get started in this type of behavior?"

"Once that gets started, there could be an audience there, and I don't think I could stop."

As the defense wrapped up its questioning, Harris asked, "Do you feel you're a dangerous person?"

"Yes,"

"Do you think you're insane?"

"I don't know," Steven Judy said.

During cross examination Prosecuting Attorney Gray asked Judy various

questions about what Steven had done and why, to most of which Judy responded that he didn't know.

Gray asked, "Will this incident happen again?"

"It's possible."

"You knew you were killing Terry Chasteen by putting that ligature around her head, didn't you?"

"It wasn't my thought, no," said Judy.

The remainder of the trial dealt with testimony from the doctors who had examined Steven Judy in regard to his sanity. Dr. Cathy Widom, a criminal psychologist and professor of forensics at Indiana University, spent over 30 hours interviewing Steven Judy and delving into his past and present. It was her determination that he was a psychopath with an anti-social personality disorder and exhibitionistic tendencies. She attributed the root of Judy's problem to his detrimental early childhood and dysfunctional family. In Dr. Widom's estimation, Steven was incapable of understanding that what he had done was wrong, and no threat of punishment would be a deterrent if he was pursuing some form of stimulation.

"The acts of a psychopath are sometimes totally uncomprehensible to us," Dr. Widom testified. She considered Judy's condition a chronic mental defect.

Regarding the Chasteen murder, Dr. Widom surmised that things just went "berserk" after Steven raped Terry and the kids were all around him yelling. He began reacting outside of his own control.

Deputy Prosecutor Steve Oliver handled the cross examination for the prosecution and asked, "He knew before he took the coil wire off that he was going to rape her, didn't

he?"

"I would guess yes," Dr. Widom answered.

Oliver then challenged Dr. Widom's theory that Judy had no control over his actions, suggesting that Judy showed restraint and control by driving Terry and the children to a secluded spot before raping her. However, Dr. Widom would only concede that this showed minimal control.

Last to take the stand were the two court appointed psychiatrists, Dr. John Kooiker and Dr. Larry Davis. Both psychologists testified that they believed Judy was sane at the time of the murders and that he had a clear understanding that what he had done was wrong. Dr. Davis stated that Steven Judy had learned how to avoid punishment for his actions and had done what was necessary to eliminate potential witnesses.

Now the attorneys made their final statements to the jury. For the first time during the trial witnesses were allowed into the courtroom. In his closing remarks, Prosecuting Attorney Thomas Gray made reference to Eddie's identification of the truck at the murder site. He told the jury what he believed to be the sequence of events based on the various testimonies of those who passed by the site. The major difference was that Judy came and got the children after he raped and killed their mother.

There was evidence that was not entered into the trial that indicated Misty had grabbed hold of some overhanging branches in an attempt to save herself, but Steven had forced her head back under the water until she drowned. Steven also alluded to the possibility that he had done the same to two-year-old Mark, whom Judy saw standing in the water. Clearly, Steven had to force the child underwater in order for him to drown. In his final statement, Thomas Gray referenced this when he said Judy had murdered the

children deliberately and with malice.

Prosecutor Gray told the court, "It was not an insane impulse – that's his pattern." Gray reminded the jury that they were to presume Judy was sane, unless proven otherwise, and the court appointed psychiatrists had determined he was sane.

At the end of his statement, Thomas Gray picked up the shoes that had been removed from the dead children's feet and held them before the jury saying, "These shoes will never be filled again. You must find him sane."

Defense attorney Steve Harris began his final statement, "I'm not sure Mr. Gray and I heard the same evidence." Harris went to a drawing board and began listing Steven Judy's deviant acts from childhood on through adulthood.

"He obviously doesn't think the way we do. This is not kid-type stuff – this is crazy," Harris declared. He listed on the drawing board the various indications of Judy's questionable state of mind at the time of the murder. Emphasizing the extreme cruelty of the murders, Harris contended Steven Judy must have been insane.

The jury's deliberation took about two hours. When they returned to the courtroom, Judge Boles read the jury's verdict. Steven Judy had been found guilty of the rape and strangulation of Terry Chasteen and the drowning of Misty Zollars, Steven Chasteen and Mark Chasteen. There was a brief recess, and when the court reconvened, Steven Judy made a statement no one connected with the trial would ever forget.

"You know, at this time, I know that all you people really feel you did the right thing, all of you. And I know ten years ago, I cried out for help and never got it. I'm telling each one of you now, you'd better vote for the death penalty for me, because I will get out, one way or another, and it may be one of you next or one of your family. That

goes for you, too, judge.”

“Are you recommending the death penalty be imposed?” Harris asked as a matter of clarification.

“Right,” Judy responded.

Prosecutor Gray addressed the jury, “Mr. Judy’s own words are my best argument. Short of the death penalty, how can we keep this from happening again?”

As the jury was dismissed to deliberate on the sentence, Steven exclaimed, “You should be back in less than five minutes. Get it over with, I’m tired.”

Before the jury left, Steven Judy looked straight at the foreman, John Sappington, and said, “I know where you live, and I know you have a daughter.”

It did not take long for the jury to return with a unanimous decision for the death penalty. In fact, they had voted unanimously right away, but Mr. Sappington told them, “Let’s sit here for a while, so it doesn’t look so bad.”

The news reverberated with Judy’s threat to the jury and judge. Our family felt the statement was directed at us as well. If Steven Judy had the opportunity, there was a long list of witnesses who could suffer his revenge. From the information Eddie and Daddy had given in court, Judy would have no problem finding our family.

On February 16, 1980, just six days before he was scheduled to be sentenced, Steven Judy attempted to break out of the Morgan County Jail at about 2:30 a.m. He got as far as removing a barred window that led to the ventilation system. Deputy Robert Bauer found Judy before he actually got out of his cell. Steven even prepared a note about his escape which read:

“I’m sorry I had to do this – but now mabey you’ll reliaze with no

reservations at all that you have to kill me if you wont help me. I could have left a long time ago but I didn't because I don't want to hurt anybody else. Mabey now you'll no Im serious when I said Id get out some how and I will again if I go to prison so when you get me you'd better kill me.

P.S. I'll try to make it as easy as possible for you to catch me this time. If you haven't gotten me within (3) days I'll give Gene Groves a call to make arrangements and turn myself in. Steve Judy

The attempted jail break heightened my fear. I knew that our concerns were not exaggerated or unfounded. If Steven Judy was not stopped, he would attack and kill again. While all of Judy's victims had been strangers, we had every reason to believe from his threat to the court that next time he would seek out specific people.

On February 25, 1980, Judge Boles upheld the jury's recommendation and sentenced Steven Judy to death by the electric chair before sunrise on May 15, 1980. After a press conference, Judy was taken to death row at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City. The fact that he was no longer being held in our own county did provide a measure of relief.

Although an appeal was initially filed, Judy asked that it be withdrawn on October 8, 1980. He waived all rights to appeal his sentence, stating he would rather die than spend the rest of his life in prison. Had Judge Boles given him a prison term, Judy would have been incarcerated from 120 to 240 years. According to Indiana state law every death sentence required a review by the Indiana Supreme Court. The court upheld the sentence, but the proceedings delayed the execution until March 1981.

Steven Judy invited eight reporters from various news affiliates to his final press

conference on March 6, 1981. During the trial the media had learned that Steven loved the publicity he was getting. He would put on a good show for them. The most obvious question was whether or not Steven would request a stay of execution.

"There's no chance that I'll stop it. I signed the papers today to let the Supreme Court know I understood my rights. I didn't want them to interfere. This is it. This isn't a game."

One of the reporters asked, "Do you regret your crime?"

His response was chilling, "I can't say I regret it, honestly. I don't lose sleep over it. It's just something that happened."

One reporter pressed the issue of his lack of remorse, asking if he believed in God, to which Judy responded that he did not. Then he asked if Steven believed in life after death.

"Oh, I believe in life after death, yes."

The reporter asked, "How can a man who says that not have any regrets over killing children?"

"What's happened happened. I'm not the type to put blame on myself. You can't change it. I just don't think about it," Judy replied.

Steven repeatedly mentioned that if he had received help earlier or had a different family life, maybe his life would have been different. He looked forward to his upcoming execution because he saw it as a release.

"At one time in life I actually get something that I want," Judy said.

That evening on the CBS news, Walter Cronkite, in his final newscast, announced to the world that Steven Judy would be executed on March 9, 1981. Judy would be the

fourth man to be executed in the United States within the last five years. Steven Judy got his wish. Outside the Indiana State Prison representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union rallied to protest. Others gathered, crying and praying. However, a larger number gathered in support of the execution with the cry, "Burn, Judy, burn."

Just before he was led to his death, Judy gave an envelope to his attorney, Steve Harris, and asked him not to read it until after the execution. Judy was then led to Indiana's electric chair, which was nicknamed 'Old Betsy' and had been made by two prisoners out of scraps from an old hangman's scaffold. Steven's last words to the officials were, "I don't hold no grudges. This is my doing. I'm sorry it happened."

At 1:11 a.m. the switch was thrown for the first electric shock. A second charge coursed through his body. At 1:12 a.m. Steven Judy was pronounced dead.

Steve Harris opened the envelope Judy had handed to him. Harris presumed it was the information Steven had promised to disclose at his death, the details of other crimes he had committed. The brief note in Steven's hand writing read, "I'm sorry, Steve, but I've decided to handle it this way because I care too much for my foster mom and family. I hope you can understand. Thank you for all you've done for me." The remaining pages were blank.

The aftermath of Steven Judy's execution was the continuation of the capital punishment debate which was raging through the nation. One side saw it as an "eye for an eye" form of justice and a deterrent, while the other considered it as incomprehensibly barbaric and inhumane. In Morgan County, a third contingent existed, those who thought even the electric chair was not punishment enough for Steven Judy's crimes. Judy's case was unique in that he had requested to be executed.

On March 24, 1981, Mary Carr, Steven's foster mother, held a press conference in which she disclosed information Steven had confessed to her in October of 1980 about four other rape and murder crimes he had committed. The victims were two unknown women in New Orleans in 1973, another unnamed woman in Texas and Linda Unverzagt of Indianapolis in 1978. Unverzagt had been found raped and strangled in a vacant house on November 4, 1978. Because of similarities to the Chasteen case, Judy had been questioned about the Unverzagt murder while he awaited execution but denied any knowledge of the case. Mary Carr had withheld the information because Steven did not want anything to delay his execution, but she was concerned that no one else be punished for crimes Judy had committed.

Even though I was still uncertain of where I stood on the issue of capital punishment, I knew one thing for sure. I was glad Steven Judy would never hurt anyone ever again. His execution came during the whirlwind of preparation for my high school graduation and open house. The transition I was experiencing in my life extended to my whole family when my father took a new position as pastor of the Trinity Missionary Church in Yale, Michigan. Moving from Mooresville took us far away from anyone who understood what we had experienced. The chapter had closed, and we chose not to go back and re-read what had been written.

Yale, Michigan was significantly smaller than Mooresville with only one stoplight and no McDonald's. It was the kind of place where everyone knew everyone else, as well as all of their business. In one sense, that provided a feeling of security. Daddy, Mom and Eddie settled into life in the rural community while I ventured to Bethel College in Mishawaka, Indiana. Hundreds of miles from the site of the murder and our

friends who had experienced the tensions of the trial, it was easy to push the whole experience into a closet and lock the door.

PART TWO

2005 - 2008

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In September of 2005, I brought my *South Bend Tribune* and let it fall from the plastic bag onto the living room floor. As it tumbled to the floor, I caught sight of the edge of a picture on the front of one of the sections and pulled it out of the paper. Suddenly, there before me was a picture I had not seen for over twenty years, and it chilled my blood cold. The blond hair swept to the side across a broad forehead and empty eyes were all too familiar in spite of the decades that had passed.

"What's he doing in my paper?"

"What are you talking about?" my husband Ken asked as he entered the room.

"Why is his picture in my paper?" My fingers clutched the pages.

"Who?"

"Steven Judy!" I answered. "The murderer - from the trial."

It finally came together for him. Early in our marriage I had told him about the Weaver trial and the part Ed and my dad had played, but it was a vague story to him. A chill ran through my body and settled in the pit of my stomach. Ken quickly scanned the article.

"It's an article about capital punishment, because Matheney is about to be executed."

Alan Matheney was a local man who, while out of prison on a day pass, had returned to Mishawaka, dragged his ex-wife out of her home and beat her to death in the street with his young daughter watching. He was sentenced to death by lethal injection.

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they reinstated the death penalty.”

Judy’s face haunted my day. No matter how absorbed I became in my work, the specter of fear dogged me. I tried to tell myself there was no longer a reason to fear that face; he was dead. In my struggle to shake the shock of seeing him again, I wallowed deeper into a sense of seclusion. The one person who could fully appreciate my response was the one person who was out of my reach, Ed. Once again the wave of grief washed over me, threatening to pull me under and engulf me.

Ed had died nine years earlier. His death was very sudden and unexpected. An infection in his ear had gone into his bloodstream and within a matter of hours he had died from Septic Shock. He left a wife, a four-year-old daughter and fifteen-month-old twin girls. Our lives reeled from the blow. Not a day went by that I did not think of Ed. Now, nine years later, I felt his absence ever so desperately again. The wave of fear mingled with the ever present undercurrent of grief. Ed was the only one I could have talked to who would fully understand.

Ed and I had never really discussed the murder trial. Even as we grew into adulthood, we never broached the topic. I remember wanting to ask him about the experience when I found the book *Burn, Judy, burn* by Bette Nunn in my parents’ library one summer afternoon while I was still in college. Ed was in the next room, but I could not bring myself to initiate the conversation I longed to have. At the time, it still seemed too soon, too risky. I figured there would be a better opportunity down the road, but life got in the way. I didn’t realize that the time we had alone together would soon be crowded out by spouses and children. Now, I longed for my brother’s arms to enfold me and ease the fear that had swept over me. I yearned to tell him myself that I had wanted

to come to the trial, let him know how proud I was of his courageous step and share with him in the confusion of it all.

The ties of the Steven Judy incident had uniquely knit us together. In that situation, there was no one with whom I felt a stronger bond. Perhaps it was because we were so young and our introduction to this part of the adult world was so sensational and extreme. I knew that if I mentioned Steven Judy to Ed, he would instantly be transported back to the same gut wrenching time and memories.

With Ed's death there was a part of my history that now seemed lost to me, and the Steven Judy story was a part of that void. Ed lived it beside me, even though our experiences were different. Never again could I say to him, "Hey, remember when...." The part of my life that we shared and walked together, I now view alone.

The shock of seeing Steven Judy's picture again opened a dark door I thought was securely locked. Obviously, there were unsettled issues to face, loose threads that needed to be tied. I did not know how to face them alone. I did not realize I would find myself on a journey of my own back to those frightening days for Ed's sake and my own.

"I know. It's terrible to say isn't it? I was glad he couldn't come after me."

"Ed, do you realize we never talked about it - ever?"

"It's not really good dinner conversation." Ed always made me laugh.

"No, I guess not. But you never talked about it. Why?"

"I suppose I wanted to forget it all, make it all go away."

"Yeah, me too."

I don't know where our conversation would go from there, but it would end with

both of us coming to a place of peace. I regret that I never had that talk. Since the

CHAPTER 8

I have imagined how the conversation would go if Ed and I had the opportunity to sit down and discuss the Steven Judy trial. I would preempt it by saying there was something I wanted to tell him, and things would get quiet because he sensed my serious tone.

"Ed, I don't know if I ever told you how proud I was of you for testifying in the Steven Judy trial."

Then he would smile with his lips still closed and the color would rise to his cheeks. But he wouldn't say anything.

"I wanted to be there, you know, for the trial. But Mom and Dad wouldn't let me. Did you know that?"

"Yeah, I know. You're lucky you weren't there."

I would hesitate to say the rest, "I know it sounds awful, but I was relieved when Steven Judy died"

"I know. It's terrible to say isn't it? I was glad he couldn't come after me."

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I don't know where our conversation would go from there, but it would end with both of us coming to a place of peace. I regret that I never had that talk. Since the

closure I longed for with Ed was impossible, I sought another avenue. I set out to better understand my scattered memories of the case and try to find Ed's perspective. I had never felt the Steve Judy experience was my story. It was Ed's. However, in the process of my search, I discovered that it was mine as well, just from a different point of view.

In my attempt to tie up the loose threads of my Steven Judy story, I traveled to Yale, Michigan and Mooresville, Indiana to talk with my family and friends about their experiences with the trial. I was scared to go, not knowing how they would respond or what they would think. I was humbled by the love extended to me by friends who had only seen me briefly in the last 25 years. Amidst the rehashing of a common tragedy, it truly was a homecoming experience. Few understood my quest, but all opened to me their memories. They asked me nearly as many questions as I asked them, trying to stoke the embers of memories grown cold with the passing of time.

I traveled down Allison road, past my old house to the Fox farm. Sadly, the field that used to be the view from my bedroom had become a housing development. I had not been in their home since I had been in Joanna's wedding in 1983. The two story white farmhouse looked the same, but George had opened a feed store in one of the barns out back. Even though he knew I was coming, I'm not sure he recognized me at first. When he realized who I was, his face broke into a wide smile. Opal welcomed me at the door and wrapped me in a motherly embrace. While time had added a few wrinkles and age was taking its toll on their health, both George and Opal were unchanged in the most comfortable way.

I joined them at the kitchen table, and they presented me with copies of George's deposition and testimony, which Opal had filed away for safe keeping. They both figured

after so many years the documents would be of more help to me than their memories.

"I never thought about it until you said you were comin' down," George said

"The hard thing to think about is how somebody could just throw kids alive into the water," Opal commented.

"We didn't know or we could have stopped it, you know. But we didn't know what he was doin'," George explained.

I reassured him, "Well, you wouldn't expect something like that."

"No, you wouldn't."

"Did it make you nervous? To testify?"

"Yeah!" George quickly answered then laughed. "I had to testify. Dan - he went first and done most of the testifying about it. Then I had to back him up."

"He was driving," Opal clarified, referring to George. "Dan probably saw more. But the whole thing bothered the whole community." She went on to explain that many of the people in the area knew the family. Their own daughter, Marti, had even dated Terry Chasteen's ex-husband, Mark Chasteen, while they were in high school. That hit too close to home.

"And it just was a five or ten minute period of time and that's all you know about what happened. At the time you don't think anything about it," Opal observed.

"It is amazing how they were able to piece everything together though, from the different people who saw one minute," I said. Every one of our friends who testified had witnessed one moment in a large puzzle that the prosecutor, investigators and police officers tediously pieced together.

"Do you remember livin' down here?" George asked.

"Of course!" I responded and started to laugh.

Opal chided him, "She wasn't that little when she lived down here."

To George it obviously seemed a long time ago that I been a part of everyday life.

Chuck and Edna Zipoff lived right down the road and around the corner from the Fox family. Chuck and Edna still sent me a Christmas card every year and always encouraged us to come and stay at their "hotel". I pulled in the driveway and noticed that "The Zippoff's" was still painted in large italic script across the top of their garage door. I had not been able to contact the Zipoffs ahead of time, so my visit came as a complete surprise to them. Edna answered the door and immediately called out, "Chuck, come see who's come to visit us!"

Chuck was moving a little slower, but he was still full of vim and vigor. Nothing felt more natural than to gather around the kitchen counter with them. Since Chuck and their son David had been in the car with Daddy and Ed when they spotted and later identified the truck, I was particularly interested in talking with them. After our preliminary greetings they wanted to know what had brought me to town.

"I want to talk about the Steven Judy murder trial."

"Oh, boy!" was Chuck's immediate response. "Really, I thought that he was guilty. I really did. And when I heard all the evidence, I knew he was guilty. Anyone that can pull a stunt like that, they don't deserve to live," Chuck said without batting an eye. "As far as I was concerned, I'd a liked to gotten in there and strangled him myself."

"David felt very, very badly about it – to begin with," Edna added but went on to say that when Judy was executed "he'd grown up enough by that time that it didn't bother

him at all. But it did bother him as a child.”

We discussed the specific details of where they saw the truck and what had happened when the police took them to the Carr residence to identify it. Then we talked about Steven Judy’s presence at the deposition.

“He was watching. Heck, I was watching him too. I’d had eight years of Judo and eight years of Karate, and I’d made up my mind that if he even jumped out of that chair he was going to get it.”

“Well, that wouldn’t have been a problem in that room,” Edna chided.

I spent over three hours with the Zipoffs. After we finished talking about Steven Judy, we caught up on each other’s families. We looked through pictures and laughed as we reminisced about the excursions our families had taken together and our storm parties. Our house didn’t have a basement, so every time a tornado threatened we went to the Zipoffs to take shelter in their basement. We had so much fun together that any inclement weather became a valid excuse for a storm party.

Just before I left, Edna returned to the topic of Steven Judy and told me that even at the time of the murder she believed that God had the people from our church at that place at that time. I have always believed that God works in even the seemingly insignificant aspects of our lives. Her words reminded me that God had allowed our friends and family to travel that road for a purpose. In some ways, I felt that I was still traveling that road.

Dan and Connie Wagner had moved from Allison Road and invited me to their home outside of Martinsville. I navigated through the rollercoaster hills to find their

beautiful home at the top of a ravine, nestled in the woods without another home in sight. Dan was waiting for me on the porch that wrapped around the entire house. He and Connie greeted me with hugs. Except for a little gray hair, neither of them had changed much in appearance.

I asked Dan to draw me a map of exactly where the truck was located. I knew that it was at the bridge but for years had imagined it on the wrong side. He drew the various landmarks and showed me the pull-in where Judy parked the truck. Then I told him that in my research I had discovered that he had testified the same day as Ed and my dad.

"I was told the day I would testify, as I recall. You have to remember this was almost thirty years ago," Dan said. "They basically said you will testify sometime during the course of the morning or the course of the afternoon – be there. When my time come, they just brought us in. But they wouldn't let you in the court. I think that afterwards I didn't stick around much. So I don't know who testified. I think George and I testified at about the same, the same morning or afternoon. Other than that, I don't know."

Dan didn't remember my mother being in the courtroom either. I distinctly remembered her telling me that she heard him testify, and the court transcript verified Dan had testified after my father but sometime before Ed.

"I know Eddie described the truck, but I told them what the truck looked like. I told them it needed a paint job," Dan laughed. "It did. It had toolboxes on the side."

"Did you have any second thoughts about testifying because it was murder?"

"No, I don't think so, and I don't think anybody else did either, because everybody just told what they saw and that was the end of it."

For Dan, the trial and execution did seem to be the end of it. Other than getting him out of jury duty on several occasions, it had not come up much. I wondered why my story had been revived, and why I could not seem to finalize it. My friends did not seem to share my struggle with leaving the past in the past.

When I arrived at Larry and Marge Eicher's home, I had the opportunity to see two their sons, all grown up with families of their own. That evening they took me out for dinner. Over our meal, Larry shared with me the details of his experience. At the time of the investigation, I didn't know that he had been taken to identify the truck too. I asked him if he was nervous about testifying.

"Well, maybe a little. It was the first time I had ever done it, so I wasn't sure how it all was going to go." Then he mentioned Judy's threat to the judge and jury, "That was kind of unnerving. You know, thinking if he does get out, he knows who testified."

I knew exactly what he meant.

Larry went on to tell me that he knew Judy's defense attorney, Steve Harris.

"How do you know him?" I asked.

"From town. In fact, I tune his piano."

"Well, you know that was one of those things that ended up in his lap," I said.

"That's right," he replied. "I just always wondered how he could be a defense attorney for someone he was sure did it."

Apparently it did affect him, since Steve Harris never accepted another murder case after the Steven Judy trial.

I was bound to all of these friends with strong ties. I was grateful those ties had

not raveled over the course of time. One of those threads was Steven Judy. While each individual had a little different story, the ugly thread of the murder and trial wove its way through the tapestry of our lives. We traveled through the past to relive the experiences surrounding the murder, trial and execution. It was interesting to hear the things they remembered as we brushed off years of dust that had settled over the memories. The details of the murder still made us shudder and cringe. Everyone remembered one thing, that Steven Judy had threatened the judge and jury that if he ever got out he would do it again and next time it might be their family. The women remembered the pictures of the bright-eyed children that appeared in the papers and on the news. The men remarked of their surprise by Steven Judy's close presence at the deposition. I was the only one who remembered Judy's attempt to escape from jail. While they admitted the experience was traumatic at the time, most of the families seemed to think it had not had a significant impact on their lives.

It was interesting to me that each person knew their piece of the puzzle was important, but just like me, they did not necessarily know what the other pieces were or how they fit together. I had always been told that Ed's testimony was significant, and I guess I was looking for that affirmation from our friends. I didn't get it. They knew Ed had given the police a description truck, but each of them had done that. I also realized I had been looking for someone who connected with what I had experienced. They were all adults who did their civic duty and moved on with their busy lives, seemingly little affected by the experience. They were not teenagers who had been thrust into the midst of a murder trial while most of their friends were agonizing over things like Algebra or what to wear on their date. They didn't remember things that had disturbed me, like

Judy's attempted jailbreak or the call for a mistrial. Once again, I felt the only one who could understand was lost to me.

The time I spent with my family talking about the trial was more somber than any of my other meetings. While we were dredging up unpleasant memories, we were also keenly aware of Ed's absence and our loss.

I knew if anyone would have insight into what Ed had gone through, it would be Lorraine, his wife. He had told her about his involvement in the murder trial, but true to form, it was not something he talked about much.

"One thing I remember is that he said he was daydreaming in school when he first saw the truck, and he said for the first time something he was doing that was bad actually turned out to be helpful," Lorraine said.

I laughed. That was classic Ed.

"He really got in trouble for that. But he said actually it worked out. I remember him saying it was kind of hard because he didn't think people would believe him."

I had never heard Ed say that himself, but it was one of the questions I finally had answered.

It was weird to talk to my parents about the trial after so many years. I went into the discussion with the intention of straightening out my facts, which I counted on Dad to provide. Mom would provide the heart. As we talked, I realized that my parents were unaware of how frightened I had been at the time. How could they have known? We all set aside our own experience as secondary compared to what Ed was going through. It sounds sanctimoniously self-sacrificing, but it is simply what we did to cope. We grieved

together over what Ed had endured and our inability to lighten the weight of responsibility for him.

Ed had a way of finding humor in poignant truth. My brother's dry wit was one of his most endearing characteristics. After the trial was over, Ed told Mom, "If I see anything or if anything else happens when I'm there, I don't know anything."

We were so proud of the courage he showed, beginning with his insistence to go to the police, through his time on the witness stand. Ed was not inclined to push himself to the forefront; he was much more content to remain in the background. What he had done was completely outside of his natural bent. Yet, he never hesitated, not when the police wanted to take him to identify the truck, not when giving his deposition with Steven Judy across the table and not in a courtroom filled with strangers.

"I always thought they ought to have given Ed a little more recognition for what he did, because he really broke the crime," Daddy said. "They may not have wanted to do too much for fear that it could have repercussions. If there were a good friend of Steven Judy that felt for him, he could hunt Ed up and destroy the evidence, or the verbal evidence."

Daddy wasn't normally given over to emotion, but in that moment I could sense his father's heart, sharing the pride of his son's courage and the gravity of his vulnerability. He had expressed one of the things I had always felt. If Ed's information had been such a significant component of the investigation, why didn't people know about it? I began to wonder if we had exaggerated the importance of his role.

After Dad finished the details of his story, taking me chronologically through the events, Mom told a story I had never heard about another friend from church.

"Ed Chupp was a person who did prison visitation, and he tried to visit Steven Judy. But Steven didn't want to hear him. He knew that Ed was going to talk about the Lord and he didn't want to hear that, any of it, so Ed was just turned away"

"So Ed didn't get to talk to him at all?" I asked.

"Well, he talked to Steven. Yes, he did. But Ed felt very shaken, just being in the room with him. But he did ask him if he could talk to him about the Lord, and Steven Judy would have no part of it. He wouldn't answer him or anything," she said as tears filled her eyes and her voice trembled. "Ed went in there with a burdened heart for him." My mother's compassion has always amazed me. Twenty six years after his execution, my mother came to tears over Steven Judy's lost soul.

We talked about the 'code of silence' our family had adopted in dealing with the experience. Although it was never verbalized, we all lived with an understanding that we would let Ed bring it up if he wanted to talk about it. But he never did. I am quite certain I could not live that way now. With my own children, I have tried to find a balance between respecting their privacy and giving them an opportunity to express what is going on under the surface. It is sometimes tricky to know when it is safe to dig deeper and when it is wise to wait for a better time. Perhaps I have been influenced by my reporter husband, who needs to know all the details, combined with my peacemaker nature that needs to know everything is all right. Sometimes I push too soon, but I try to respect the stop signs my children put in place from time to time. It is so difficult to stand by and watch your child suffer alone.

I think it was the first time Daddy, who has always been my hero, was not able to protect Eddie and me from the depravity of the world and shelter us from involvement in

this traumatic event.

CHAPTER 9

“The local newspaper, the Indianapolis paper, they talked about Ed in the school classroom daydreaming, looking out the window,” Dad said, his tone indicating his disapproval of how the media portrayed his son. “And this whole business came out of his daydreaming while he was in class, you know, they made an issue of that. But Ed had a difficult year that year because he thought that someone else might get him for being a witness.”

“It haunted him for that year,” Mom said.

Dad agreed, “The whole situation was on our mind constantly until the trial was over with. You just couldn’t help but think about it a lot.”

“My heart broke for him,” Mom said, referring to Steven Judy. Her voice was choked with tears as she continued, “I prayed for him. I thought, ‘What a loss!’ He had a whole life ahead of him.”

Our visit into the past has been a balm on an ugly scar for all of us. It was the first time we had shared our feelings about the experience with each other. While the subject had not been completely off limits, it was certainly avoided while Ed was alive. Now I wished we had started the conversation earlier.

Lorraine said it best, “It stinks we can’t talk about it with him.”

It does. It stinks that his daughters will never experience Ed’s empathy when they are afraid or when the events of life seem enormous and overwhelming. I want his daughters to know about the courage and strength their father displayed at such a young age. The Steven Judy trial was one of the moments I was most proud of him. I longed for others to see what I saw in my brother.

CHAPTER 9

I was able to secure a video of Steven Judy's final press conference. It made me uneasy to watch his calm composed response of no regrets – no remorse. When asked if he would like to say anything to the victims' family, he simply answered, "No." A dull ache deep in the pit of my gut cried out. No remorse! How was that possible? He sat there and smugly said, "I don't think about it – I am what I am." Did he want to change? Try to change? No! He pointed out repeatedly that society had not helped him, but when asked how society could have helped, he had no answer. He acted incredibly polite and complimentary, thanking the guards, his lawyer and even the judge for doing such a fine job. But I saw it as a warped portrait of the man.

As Judy talked excitedly about what he had ordered for his last meal, my mind rebelled. What did Terry Chasteen have for her last meal as she hurried around to get her children ready to take to the sitter's? Steven Judy's victims did not have the luxury of a last request. Part of me thought it would have been more of a punishment to let him live out the rest of his life in prison in slow anguish. Was it mercy killing to execute him?

Some have argued that Judy did not have a chance to be anything other than what he was because of his dysfunctional early childhood, while others claimed that what he did was beyond his control. I could not believe that his behavior was predestined. That Saturday morning, April 28, 1979, Steven Judy had a choice.

My response clashed with the compassion my mother had expressed. I could contend that fear had shaped my reaction, while God's love had motivated my mother's response. I wanted to see Steven Judy through her eyes of mercy, but my vision was

restricted by blinders, allowing me to see only the pain he had callously inflicted and the wake of his destruction. The love and compassion shown to him by his foster family seemed to have fallen on rock rather than fertile soil. As a Christian, I struggle with Steven Judy because am commanded, "Love one another". My mother's view of Steven Judy as someone who was lost and in need of a Savior is what God would desire from me. This does not diminish the severity of his crime, but it does open a door for forgiveness. I found no evidence to indicate Steven Judy sought forgiveness; he didn't think he needed it. However, it was available to him, just as it is available to me. In attempting to shift my view of him, to see him as a person in need rather than a monster, I took a step away from the grip of fear that held me.

My final destination was the Morgan County Courthouse in Martinsville. A few days before I left, I called the archives office to give them advanced warning that I would be coming to get copies of my brother's and father's testimonies.

"What trial was it?" asked a woman, who had identified herself as Sherrill.

"The Steven Judy murder trial in January of 1980," I replied.

Her response was a moan. I had come to expect that reaction.

"You remember," I said, just above a whisper. I told her my father and brother had testified during the trial, and I just wanted transcripts of their testimony.

"You might need to appeal to the court for that," she explained. "Most of it is public record, but I will need to check with the judge."

When I had called previously for cost information, I had been told it would be no problem to get copies of trial transcripts, so her words jarred me. I had no idea what

appealing to the court entailed. Sherrill asked a number of questions so that she could be prepared when she spoke with the judge. I gave her Ed and Daddy's names but didn't tell her anything about their part in the trial beyond the date that they had testified.

When Sherrill called back I sensed excitement in her voice, "I talked to Judge Gray and he wants you to have it."

"Oh, thank you so much. That's wonderful," I said.

"Was your brother the one who identified the truck?"

Surprised by her question, I answered, "Yes, he was."

"The judge thinks you will be very interested to have the transcript." She explained that the judge she had spoken to was Thomas Gray, the prosecuting attorney for the Judy trial. Twenty seven years later, he knew who my brother was just by his name! Suddenly my eyes filled with unexpected tears. There was someone else who understood the significance of this event in my life, my brother's life, my family's life.

I had been reading everything I could get my hands about Steven Judy for the last few months. I could not research at night because the gory details would haunt my dreams. I had experienced fear, even expected it. But the tears that were running down my face caught me by surprise. When the judge recognized Ed by name, knew what he had done and wanted me to have the transcript of his testimony, it was an affirmation I didn't even realize I needed. Someone understood.

I had never been to the Morgan County courthouse, the sole occupant of the town square in the heart of Martinsville. The colonial architecture of red brick accented with white door posts and cornice, as well as the stately clock tower, gave it a sense of austerity. As I approached the front entrance, I remembered my sister-in-law Lorraine's

comment that Ed had said climbing the courthouse steps was scary. Years later as I faced those same steps, I could imagine the weight of responsibility bearing down on him with each step. When Eddie had entered the courthouse, numerous reporters and curious onlookers crowded the town square, but when I arrived, only two or three people were in sight. The courthouse seemed too small to contain the magnitude of the Steven Judy trial. It was no wonder there had been concern that the tension of the situation would explode in violence.

My sense of unfamiliarity was heightened by the knowledge that my brother had been in the same spot so many years earlier, feeling uncertain about what to expect and find. I made my way to the archives in the basement, where I found Sherrill Page, the woman who had spoken to me on the phone. Although we had never laid eyes on each other before, there was a bond of familiarity brought about by my purpose. My call had initiated several discussions about the Judy trial among those who had worked in the courthouse at the time. One woman spoke to me about her reaction when she unexpectedly came in contact with Steven Judy in the hallway. She felt extremely uncomfortable in his presence, just from his body language and demeanor.

"To me he was the devil incarnate," she said.

I knew exactly what she meant. Her intense emotional response to Steven Judy had served to validate my reaction as well. The evil I perceived in Steven Judy had shaken me to the core. Until I talked to the people at the courthouse, only my parents understood the intensity of my feelings. Perhaps I was so affected because I had realized my helplessness for the first time. My ordered world was actually a frightening place with dangerous people who had jeopardized my sense of security. For me Steven Judy

had come to represent the reality of my vulnerability. *Part of my life had created an*

unexpected While the details were disturbing to recollect, there was a catharsis in sharing memories with someone who had been on the front line of the experience. Somehow the effect of the trial on her matched my own experience more closely than the friends with whom I had spoken. In the most unexpected place, I had found in a complete stranger the understanding for which I had been searching.

Sherrill told me that earlier that morning Judge Grey had mentioned that he had sent a letter to Eddie after the trial concluded. In the letter, he had thanked Eddie for coming forward and hoped he would someday understand the significance of what he had done. Sherrill promised to send me a copy of the letter if she was able to find it in the trial files. Judge Grey's recall of that letter underscored for me Ed's contribution to the capture of Steven Judy that previously no one outside of my family had seemed to understand. Finally, within the courthouse I found the recognition Ed deserved. Emotions that had been locked away for years broke through the doors I had shut and left behind. Once again tears came to my eyes, and Sherrill wrapped me in a warm embrace.

I had found more than the end of Ed's story. I had come to the end of my own. Steven Judy had victimized not only my community, friends, and family, but also me. My friends and family had helped me put together the scattered pieces of the frightening puzzle. In hearing their stories, I had realized that I had one of my own. My research had filled in the blank spots of confusion. Somehow complete strangers had unlocked the emotions I had sealed away without even realizing it. I felt I could close the book on my Steven Judy story without any apprehension of it being opened again. In the basement of the Morgan County Courthouse, I found peace.

The ugly threads that had been woven into the fabric of my life had created an unexpected motif. While the bright glaring color would not have been my choice, it wove in and out of the pattern to create a unique design. It did not destroy the beauty of the fabric but somehow enhanced it, giving it depth. My journey into the past tied off the threads that had originally seemed grossly out of place but had gradually become a significant part of the design.

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